

THE GOLDEN AGE NEVER WAS THE PRESENT AGE.-- Benjamin Franklin

BETHEL OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

THE BETHEL NEWS, 1895

Volume XXI—Number 38

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1935

THE RUMFORD CITIZEN, 1906

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NEWS of the WEEK

BERGHER QUILTS AMERICA
New York City—Aroused by a avalanche of threatening letters following recent attacks on conviction of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the kidnapping and murder of his first son, Col. Charles Bergher, his wife and three children, sailed secretly for London, where they will make their home. English respect for law is given as the Colonel's explanation to quit U. S.

BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER
London, England—Close upon the heels of the Franco-British plan to half of Ethiopia to end the war, Capt. Anthony Eden, British Foreign Minister, assumed the role of Sir Samuel Hoare, who had been dismissed from office. Premier Laval, Prime Minister of France, revealed the plan to modernize the entire League of Nations stand.

TREAT OR PROMISE?
Haines, Ia.—Describing two men who robbed bank and worked, Cecelia Galan, they "weren't so bad looking after she received a postcard for the compliment. We'll later better looking than art and Bill."

ARTICHOKE WAR
New York City—Racketeers have been \$1,000,000 graft year—the handling of artichokes, the bit of this city's huge population. To end the Mayor La Guardia appeared dawn at largest municipal and by proclamation for all dealings in the thirty California growers cheering to lose sales to shake upers' tribute. Only twice have N. Y. mayors resorted to proclamations to insure city.

STILL PURSUES HOPSON
Boston, D. C.—After sweatward C. Hopson much of the about his manipulation of Gas & Electric system Sam has played a trump slapping tax liens on the for \$57,000,000, reproFederal taxes, interest and on four years' undeclared. And on Hopson himself was a demand for arrears of on his personal income.

MICAL SPECTRE LOOMS
Boston, D. C.—Politicians worried over campaign of the Townsend plan to Americans over 60 years month. Already a Michigan has elected a Congress to the scheme; Townclaim 150 supporters in the case in spite of economists' the plan is "utterly fan-Townsend Clubs are spring-Mingling; the aged spon-25,000,000 signatures en-ble program.

MOBILIZES AGAINST DISEASE
New York City, Okla.—Klown residents are in a The discovery of ten dead all the churches, No more than can congregate in a grocery stores do through windows, and, at home, filling only on doctors' In spite of precau-began to pop up in State guardsmen are from-bound quarantine.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU

1936

HORSE AND CAR IN COLLISION SATURDAY

An unusual accident occurred at the foot of Church Street last Saturday afternoon when a horse driven by L. A. York of No. Bethel suffered a broken leg. Mr. York was approaching the village from the overhead bridge and was meeting a car coming from Railroad Street. A new Chevrolet coupe, driven by Elson R. Blood of Bakersfield, Vt., was coming in slowly on the West Bethel road, unnoticed by Mr. York, and the horse put a front leg in the space between the rear fender and bumper. The bone in the leg was badly broken and hanging and the horse was shot. The driver of the car was not blamed for the accident. The car was stopped quickly so that the York carriage was not upset.

4-H COUNTY CHAMPIONS TO ATTEND STATE CONTEST

Twelve 4-H Club County Champions are making plans to attend State Contest at the University of Maine, December 26, 27, and 28. Here they will compete for state honors. Champions are: bean, Lawrence Perry, West Bethel; canning, Frances Adams, Hartford; chick raising, Mary Stearns, Hanover; cooking and housekeeping, Rachel Twitchell, Bryant Pond; dairy, Roger Stearns, South Paris; sweet corn, Homer Worden, Canton Point; garden, Chester Wheeler, West Bethel; pig, George Wright, South Paris; potato, Alfred Lovejoy, West Bethel; poultry management, Keith Holland, South Hiram; room improvement, Priscilla Thurlow, Buckfield; sewing, Theresa Swan, South Paris.

BETHEL GRANGE NO. 56

The Thursday night meeting of the Bethel Grange was well attended. The chairs were occupied as follows: Master, P. J. Clifford; Overseer, Lawrence Kimball; Lecturer, Hildred Bartlett; Steward, B. W. Kimball; Assistant Steward, F. E. Russell; Chaplain, Ella Clark; Treasurer, Herman Mason; Secretary, Gerard S. Williams; Gate Keeper, C. C. Kimball; Ceres, Alice Morgan; Pomona, Lillas Coolidge; Flora, Celia Gorman; Lady Assistant Steward, Kathleen Bennett. An interesting lecturer's program was enjoyed at the close of the Grange. Each member brought a gift for the Christmas Tree, and exchange of presents resulted in many happy surprises.

The Grange Dance Committee has announced that there will be a special dance at the Grange Hall on New Year's Eve.

The George A. Mundt Post American Legion, and Auxiliary, gave a Christmas party Monday afternoon to the children whose parents are members. They played games and spoke pieces they had learned at school. And then a lovely Christmas tree was enjoyed. Each child received a gift and a bag of popcorn and candy. There were 33 present.

NEW YEAR'S BALL
Bethel Grange Hall
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31
Jordan's Orchestra
Ladies 15c Gents 25c
Lucky Number

LON E. WIGHT CANDIDATE FOR STATE SENATOR

Lon E. Wight of Newry will seek the Republican nomination for one of Oxford County's two senators in the June primaries, he announced this week. Mr. Wight has long been active in town, county and state politics. He served in the House of Representatives in 1921 and in 1929, while in 1933 he was a candidate for Senator. He has been very active in town affairs in Newry for many years.

GOULD DEFEATS ALUMNI 26-20

The Gould Basketeers played one of the best games of the season last Friday night to defeat a strong Alumni team. The losers started strong, gaining a 5-2 lead, but the underdogs crept up to tie the count at 5 all as the first period ended.

There were no individual stars for either team, both sides playing nice team work. The fine defense of the Gould team proved the winning margin.

GOULD (26)	G	FT	TP
rf. O. Robertson	2	3	7
lf. Wentzel	4	1	9
c. S. Brown	0	0	0
rg. Browne	2	0	4
rg. Quimby	2	0	4
rg. Quimby	0	0	0
lg. E. Robertson	1	4	6
ALUMNI (20)	G	FT	TP
rf. Stanley	2	0	4
rf. Whitman	0	0	0
lf. Smith	3	0	6
lf. Vall	1	1	3
c. Allen	2	2	6
c. King	0	0	0
rg. G. Parsons	0	0	0
rg. F. Parsons	0	0	0
lg. P. Browne	0	1	1
lg. Davis	0	0	0
	8	4	20

Score by periods:
Gould 5 14 22 26
Alumni 5 7 10 20
Time—4 eights. Referee—Todd (Mexico).

DONALD E. HAMLIN

Donald E. Hamlin of Milan, N. H., was found dead in the woods in Dummer, N. H., Tuesday afternoon. It was said by the authorities that the cause of death was accidental shooting. He was employed as clerk by the Brown Company and had left camp early that morning. Mr. Hamlin was the son of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Hamlin of Milan and was 22 years of age. He graduated from Gould Academy in 1931.

The schools of the Bethel-Greenwood-Gilead district will re-open for the winter term on Monday, Dec. 30. Carl Conrad of Portland spent the holiday in town with friends.

Read in
OUR MAGAZINE SECTION
This Week

Whole Nations Go Mad Then
Go to War
Life in Sweden
Star Dust
Mark Twain's Prayer for War
Irvin S. Cobb's Column

BOOKS ADDED TO THE BETHEL LIBRARY

Sketches of Brooks History, S. W. Norwood
Maine Reports No. 133—1934-1935 given by State of Maine
Dictionary of American Biography Vol. XVII given by J. G. Rich
The Missing Partners, Henry Wade The Time Worn Town, G. S. Fletcher
The Man in the Mirror, Hudson Douglass
Swallowed Up, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow
The Club Car Mystery, Grace Colbron
The Scar, Derek Vane
Rice, Louise Jordan Rice
The Challengers, Grace Livingston Hill
The Women in the Cave, Louis Tracy
given by Mrs. Lee Wentzell
Spring Came on Forever, Bess Streeter Aldrich
The Chinese Twins, Lucy Fitch Perkins

CHRISTMAS PARTY AT NORTHWEST BETHEL

The annual Christmas entertainment of the Northwest Bethel School was held at the schoolhouse last Friday evening, in charge of the teacher, Miss Ruby Bennett. The program was much appreciated by the audience and showed the result of the faithful work of both teacher and pupils. The Program: TP Number 739—Hello, Robert Bennett
Why I'm Glad, Arlene Stearns
Now and Then, Richard Bennett
Santa's Airship, Linwood Mason
Christmas Cards, Marion Silver, Richard Bennett, Frances Hodgkins
Frank Gibson, Arlene Stearns
A Letter to Santa, Robert Stearns
Poor Santa Claus, Robert Bennett
Jes' Fore Christmas, Arthur Chayer
Santa's Suit, Elton Coolidge
An Impatient Waiter, Frank Gibson
Dinah Jomima's Idea of Santa Claus, Robert Stearns, Arlene Stearns, Richard Bennett
A Wiser Man, Ruby Jewell
Little Jack Horner, Roberta Gibson
Song: Good Saint Nick, Ruby Jewell, Marion Silver, Frances Hodgkins
Jew's Harp acc., Elton Coolidge
Santa Claus Acrostic, Robert Bennett, Elton Coolidge, Ruby Jewell, Robert Stearns, Richard Bennett
The Boy Who Didn't Believe, Bill, Linwood Mason
Tommy, Robert Stearns
Martha, Ruby Jewell
Bobby, Elton Coolidge
Santa Claus, Arthur Chayer
A Christmas Eve Thought, Frances Hodgkins
What Ted Found, Elton Coolidge
Watchin' Fo' Ole Santa, Ruby Jewell

A Story of Christmas Eve, Linwood Mason
Darning Song, Arthur Chayer
A Merry Christmas, Marion Silver
Number 739—Good Night, Robert Bennett
Extras:
Signs of Christmas, Clara Silver
Christmas Carols, Arthur Chayer
A Joke, Donald Cross

Charles Austin was home from Portland over the holiday.

DANCE
Bethel Grange Hall
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27
Jordan's Orchestra
Ladies 15c Gents 25c

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Annie Young was guest of Mr. and Mrs. Adney Gurney Christmas day.

Garvey York ate dinner with his father, Ray York, and family Christmas day.

Miss Kathryn Brinck was home from Portland over the week end and holiday.

Carl Brown and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Smith and family.

Mrs. Constance Alger and Mrs. Ray Lisherness are in Portland today (Thursday).

Miss June Brown, student nurse at the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, was home for the holiday.

There will be a special business meeting of Sunset Rebekah Lodge Monday evening, Dec. 30, at 7:30.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Edwards and Miss Beatrice Brown dined Christmas Day at Hotel Harris, Rumford.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bennett and children spent Christmas day with Mrs. Sarah Brown of North Waterford.

C. A. Austin spent Christmas at Bethel and will be in that vicinity several days before returning to Bethel.

Miss Evelyn Brinck of Lewiston and William Cockburn of Portland were Christmas guests of Arthur Brinck and family.

Miss Myra Thurlow of Windham, Mrs. E. R. Bowdoin of Penobscot and Miss Olive Bowdoin of Boston are guests of Mr. Bowdoin at Maple Inn.

Miss Frances Kling, a student at the University of Maine, is visiting friends in town. With her sister, Miss Marian Kling, she is staying at Maple Inn.

Mrs. Asa Howard of Northwest Bethel has been very ill since last Friday and is under the care of a trained nurse. Mrs. Nell Ellingwood of Welchville is assisting with the housework.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Davis and family, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis spent Christmas Eve at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Davis at North Newry.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown, Sally Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Brown and Leland Brown were dinner guests at Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grover's Christmas day.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis on Christmas Day were Mr. and Mrs. Everett Enman, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Enman, Earlene Enman, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Enman, Constance Enman, Lester Enman, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Enman, June, Naomi, Pauline and Walter Enman, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rowe and Mrs. Eva Lowell.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Bean entertained on Christmas day: Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jones and two children of Auburn, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Bean and four children of Old Orchard, Mr. and Mrs. Robert York and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Gibbs, Misses Florine and Muriel Bean of Bethel; and Gordon Cartwright of Quebec.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT METHODIST CHURCH

The Christmas supper at the Methodist Church was largely attended on Christmas Eve. A short program by the children followed the supper after which the children were made happy by gifts from a prettily decorated tree. The program was as follows:

Song, Intermediate Girls
Scripture, Kenneth Brooks
Prayer, Rev. P. I. Clifford
Story, Primary Children
Recitation, John Grosbeak
Exercise, Clarence Chase
Song, Alice Bean
Song, Intermediate Girls

Refreshments, Rev. P. I. Clifford
Benediction, Reverend York
Prayer, Rev. P. I. Clifford
Junior Classes

THE COOK'S NOOK

BY HELEN C. RICHAN
Central Maine Power Company
Lowiston, Maine

BIRTHDAYS—a bright spot, a great joy, an event welcomed by the child, and one we feel the world would be better off without after we leave twenty-five years behind us. Yet deep-down in our hearts we all love a birthday celebration and a candle-mounted cake, so let's do one to please some one else and incidentally get a life-sized "kick" out of it ourselves.

I am so filled with enthusiasm over a successful seven year old's cake and party that I want to pass on ideas to the rest of you.

First and foremost the cake, without which no birthday is complete, whether or not there is a party. Any good base will do, but it should be baked round and iced and decorated in some way. If you want something a little bit different, try **Daffodil Cake**.

White part:
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup sifted cake flour
6 egg whites
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar
Pinch of salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon almond

Sift sugar and flour together four times. Beat egg whites until foamy, add salt and cream of tartar and beat until stiff, but not dry. Fold in dry ingredients a little at a time, being careful not to beat out air.

Add Yellow part:
6 egg yolks
1/2 cup sugar
Pinch salt
1/2 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup boiling water
1/2 teaspoon vanilla or orange extract

Beat egg yolks until very light, add sugar and salt gradually and beat for three minutes. Sift flour and baking powder four times. Add flour and boiling water alternately. Flavor with vanilla or orange extract.

Pour white part into bottom of large ungreased tube pan. Pour yellow part on top of white. Start in a cold oven set at 325 deg., bake for one hour. Invert pan on cake cooler and let stand for about one hour, then loosen and let cake drop out.

In baking, the white part of your Daffodil Cake rises through the yellow so the position is just reversed in the baked cake.

The first icing of a cake which is going to be decorated with a pastry tube should be nothing more than a wash—just something for the piping to cling too. And don't bear down too hard on the piping. Well, do I remember my first attempt—the beautiful Angel Cake collapsed. It more nearly resembled the ruler of the underworld than anything to be classed with seraphs.

Colored flowers and fruits may be purchased to augment our efforts at trimming—only we'd do well to remember that a few will make a handsome sight and too many a perfect fright.

Edible place cards may be made of a jelly bean or gum drop, slit to hold a card bearing the guests' names, fastened with half a toothpick to a marshmallow standard.

Attractive favors for a young person's party may be apple men—and if the "young persons" are boys there probably won't be anything left but the tooth-picks. Wash and rub apples until shiny. Insert three whole cloves down the front for buttons. Make arms and legs of "stick" gum-drops with jelly beans for hands and feet. Insert a toothpick at the stem end and on this place a marshmallow for a collar, then a large gum-drop for head with eyes and nose of whole cloves and a mouth of a sliver of nut meat. A round piece of paper with half a jelly bean or a tiny gum-drop on a toothpick makes a dashing hat.

Note: These have to be made in a sitting-down position, as the tooth-pick legs will not bear the weight of the apple.

Plan something for each very small person to take home, even if game winning has to have a little adult management. At a very young age success of the party depends somewhat on the apple.

To forget party doling and get back to the family dinner table—try these sometime to serve with cold ham. They're delicious.

Potato and Cheese Balls
Press grated cheese in balls about 1/2 inch thick. Cover with cold seasoned mashed potatoes. Dip in egg and fine crumbs. Place in frying basket and cook in deep hot fat (380 deg.) to a golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper.

And these would be ever so good to serve instead of potato chips, with a crabmeat or vegetable salad.

And maybe not alone with the very young, only the question of the "management" had better be omitted!

Here is a "covered skillet" recipe which you are sure to enjoy—particularly when you count the small cooking cost.

Meat Patties and Corn

1 lb. ground beef
1 cup tomato soup
2 tablespoons flour
2 onions, thinly sliced
4 potatoes, thinly sliced
2 cups canned corn
Salt and pepper
Paprika
2 tablespoons fat

Method: Form meat into patties (makes 6) and brown in the hot fat, using large unit switched to "high." Remove. Add flour to fat, stir until smooth, add tomato soup, then stir until blended. Add potatoes, onions, corn and seasonings. Place meat patties on top. Cover. When steam comes freely from the vent in the cover, turn the current off. Cook about 50 minutes on stored heat. Remember not to remove the cover. The steam does the trick.

BOY SCOUT NEWS

TROOP 165

BETHEL

The Boy Scouts held their weekly meeting at the Legion Rooms, Monday night. Scoutmaster Earl Davis and Assistant Scoutmaster Edwin Brown were present.

After the regular opening, dues were collected and the Scribe's report read. The contest now stands: Eagle Patrol—1970, Bear Patrol—1055. This contest ends at the next meeting.

Patrol meetings were held. Several members of the Bear Patrol passed the Second Class signalling test during the Patrol meeting.

After the game period the meeting was closed by repeating the third Scout Law, Scout Scribe—Talbot Crane.

BRYANT POND

The church Christmas tree Sunday evening was well attended. The Boy Scouts had charge of the soliciting for presents, and a gift and an orange were given to nearly two hundred town children.

Dorothea Billings is home for the Christmas holidays from her school in South Portland and Roydon Billings from Milford.

Miss Ruby Willard is spending two weeks at home from South Ryegate, Vt.

Mrs. G. Howard Judkins has returned home from the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary, Portland. Miss Edith Smith of Lawrence, Mass., and Clyde Brooks of Portland spent the week end at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Newton will spend Christmas in Dixfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Farnum have moved from Mrs. England's house to the one owned by H. Alton Bacon where Fred Deschon's family lived for many years. It has been newly papered and painted and a furnace and bathroom installed.

Franklin Grange elected Saturday night the following officers:

Master—Otis Dudley
Overseer—Linwood Felt
Lecturer—Alice Dudley
Chaplain—Rev. James MacKillop
Steward—Everett Davis
Secretary—G. W. Q. Perham
Treasurer—Florence Cushman
Gate Keeper—Forest Twitchell
Ceres—Iva Ring
Pomona—Barbara Cole
Flora—Rachel Twitchell
Lady assistant steward—Lettie Day
Assistant steward—Bernard Cushman
Chorister—Annie Davis
Executive committee—Oscar Twitchell

vis will be the installing officer.

The installation and all day meeting will be held Jan. 4th. Ellis Davis will be the installing officer.

WEST GREENWOOD

Albert Swan of Locke Mills was in town one day recently, collecting unpaid taxes.

Mrs. Sophie Conner visited one day with her daughters.

Paul Croteau is cutting birch for B. L. Harrington.

Alden Wilson spent the week end at home.

Bill Harrington is hauling wood for Bernard Harrington.

The scholars are having a vacation.

GREENWOOD CENTER

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cole and family visited at E. L. Dunham's on Rowe Hill, Sunday, where a family gathering was held.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Ford, and Wesley Cole of Locke Mills called on Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cole, Sunday.

Raymond Seames of Howe Hill visited with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Cole, recently.

Mrs. Beryl Martin and land, Miss Mary Martin and Mills visited with William and the Western Maine Sunday and also visited with Mrs. Edwin Farr and with Mr. and Mrs. Myron low at West Poland.

School closed Friday Christmas vacation. A program was given in the afternoon and the children enjoyed a mas tree.

COLLECTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF RESIDENT OWNERS STATE OF MAINE

Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Town of Woodstock, County of Oxford, for the year 1935.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-residents in the Town of Woodstock, for the year 1935, A. D., commencing for collection for said Town, on the fourth day of May, unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes, interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold at public auction at the Town Office, Hall, in said Town, on the first Monday of February, 1936, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Name of Owner	Description of Property	Amt. of Tax
Cox, Mrs. Aaron	About 5A from Old Jerry Curtis Farm, Part Christie Inn lot N of Gore Rd.	
Cummings, R. L.	Heirs	
Day, Wm. Heirs	G. G. Dow farm, 140A in lots 9, 10 & 16 Chas. Clark farm, 115A in lots 9 & 16 O. T. Lurvey farm 100A in lot 15 Wood Lot set in from Paris, 30A lot 29 Land between Rowe Hill Rd. & Lake Christopher, 15A, Gore A Woodland and pasture South Rowe Hill Rd. about 40A, Gore A North Stone Quarry,	
Ellery, Bessie Collier	One-third Summer Home and Lot on W shore Lake Christopher Part R. K. Dunham lot E side Lake Christopher with buildings Guernsey Island, Lake Christopher	
Gadding, Theodore	Christie's Camplot with buildings southerly side Gore Road	
Johnson, Robert	Lot adjoining Sybil Johnson homestead lot Merrill, Guy E. Camplot, E shore North Pond	
Merrill, Guy E.	Richardson Mill Privilege, 3A	
Verrill, Fred C.	Lander's farm, part lot 18 E. W. and 1/2 lot W. W.	
Whitman, Ralph	Real Estate located in East Woodstock North end of lot 1, Irish survey, 45A Camp & Garage, N shore Concord Pond Summer cottage, camps and lots E shore Shagg Pond	
Allain, Peter	Lot 300A in lots 101, 102, 112, 113, Ben Davis farm	
Bisbee, A. S.	Lot 97, 100 acres	
Curtis, Emma Z.	Lot 96, 100A Lot 46, 100A Lot 81, 100A Lot 82, 100A Lot 78, 100A Lot 72, 100A Lot 85, 100A Lot 71, 100A 60A in Lot 84	
Dow, Fred Heirs	Camp and Lot W shore Shagg Pond Cottage & lot with garage, Shagg Pond	
Poster, C. E. Heirs	W. Camplot, Concord Pond	
Stevens, A. H.	Lot 100, 100 acres	
Tainter, Mrs. W. W.	Lot 104, 100A Lot 97, 100A Lot 103, 100A	
Tebbets, D. H. & Tebbets, E. L.	West half lot 102, 50A Part lot 99, 80A Part lot 98, 65A Standing timber on I. W. Robbins farm West half lot 191, 50A	
Verrill, Fred C.	15A in lot 10	
Wilson, Clifford	Lunt Farm, part lots 87 & 88, 150A	
December 16, 1935		

ALDEN CHASE, Tax Collector, Town of Woodstock

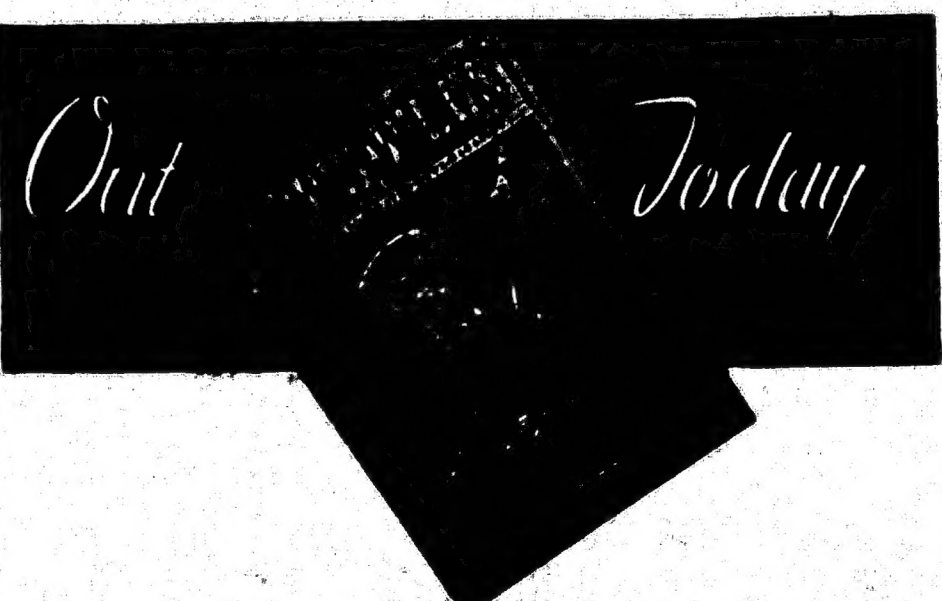
COLLECTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF RESIDENT OWNERS STATE OF MAINE

Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Town of Hanover, County of Oxford, for the year 1935.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-residents in the Town of Hanover aforesaid, for the year 1935, commencing for collection for said Town on the eighth day of May, remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes, interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold without further notice at public auction at Hanover Union Hall in said Town, on the first Monday in February, 1936, at nine o'clock A. M.

Name of Owner	Description of Property	Amt. of Tax
Brown Company	Geo. E. Smith farm bounded: No. by Newry line E. by Rumford line; So. by river; W. by Dunham & Pratt. \$180.00 plus cost	
Commerford, Dr. R. J.	Howard lot, bounded: N. by Newry line; E. by Brown Co.; W. by A. G. Howe. E. C. Frost lot bounded: N. & E. by Brown Co. So. by Roberts & Saunders; W. by A. Howe.	
Dunton, H. C., Heirs or devisees of	Jewett lots Nos. 7 & 8 and Camp lot bought Walter Morse. \$36.00 plus costs	
Bean, Vear	Cottage and Stable; bounded: No. by town road E. by Zenas Morse; So. by Pond. \$18.00 plus cost	
Clemens, Paul	Pasture back of Grist Mill, bounded: No. by Staples; S. by Foster Est.; E. by Foster Est. W. by J. B. Roberts. \$16.00 plus cost	
Virgin, R. J., Heirs or devisees of	Sawmill site at Hanover, bounded: No. by Pond; E. by Foster Est.; W. by McPherson So. by Hanover Dowell Co. \$18.00 plus cost	
Fortier, Harold	Mineral Spring lot, bounded: No. and W. by Brown Co.; So. by Pond Road; E. by F. Howe. \$20.00 plus cost	
Stratton, R. B.	2 lots at Pond. \$3.00 plus cost	
Dec. 16th, 1935	Hodsdon Homestead, bounded: W. So. by Pond Road; No. by B. J. Russell; E. Hayford. \$2.50 plus cost	

WALLACE SAUNDERS, Collector of Taxes of the Town of Hanover



All the significant news of the world, gathered by 5,500 correspondents, tensely, concisely, yet completely told, and superbly illustrated with action photographs.

This Week's Features:

COLONEL LINDBERGH QUILTS AMERICA FOR RESIDENCE ABROAD

EUROPEAN SITUATION GROWS IN INTENSITY

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES FROM AFRICAN WAR FRONT

10 Cents on All Newsstands

TOWN'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF NON-RESIDENT OWNERS
STATE OF MAINE

Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Town of Albany, in the County of Oxford, for the year 1935. The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the Town of Albany aforesaid, for the year 1935, committed to collection for said Town on the 27 day of April, 1935, unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes with interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real estate is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold without further notice at public auction at 10 o'clock, A. M. on the first Monday in February, 1936, at the Town House in said Town.

Owner	Description of Property	Amt. of Tax Due including Interest and Charges
Hall, or	Buildings known as Hobson's Pavilion and tea room at Lynchville, Lot 13 Range 11 Acres 3/4, Val. of land \$15.00, Lot 14 Range 11 Acres 3/4, Val. \$5.00, Value of buildings \$735.00, Total value \$755.00.	\$51.48
D. A. Est.	Land bounded on North by land of Hastings Bros. Est. on East by Greenwood on South by land of Franklin, Somerset Land and Lumber Co. on West by land of S. G. Bean, Lot 7 Range 1 Acres 160, Value \$400.00.	28.40
Leo	Land bounded on North by land of A. B. Kimball on East and West by land of A. E. Cross on South by main road, Lot 2 Range 2 Acres 15, Value of land \$150, Value of buildings \$100, Total value \$250.00.	18.65
Will, Est.	Land bounded on North by land of B. G. McIntire, Est. and G. R. McIntire on East by land of Franklin, Somerset Land and Lumber Co. on South by land of Isaac Wardwell, Est. on West by land of Ella J. Cummings, Est. Lot 10 Range 2 Acres 79, Value \$150.	12.15
Henry	Lot 12 Range 11, Acres 30, Val. \$75.00, Lot 13 Range 4 Acres 100, Val. \$200, Lot 9 Range 7 Acres 65, Val. \$400, Total value \$675.00.	45.68
Elmer C.	Lot 12 Range 8 Acres 23, Value \$200.00.	15.40
W. A.	Lot 14 Range 11 Acres 30, Value \$200, Lot 14 Range 11 Acres 16, Value \$195.00, Total value \$395.00.	28.08
Marshall	Western part of said lot, Lot 1 Range 11 Acres 60, Value \$150.	12.15
Elmer	Land bounded on North by land of Abel Andrews, Est. on East by land now or formerly owned Dr. Willard on South by land of Inez Bean Est. on West by land of Arthur Andrews, Lot 10 Range 4 Acres 60, Value \$120.00.	10.20
Thomas	Land bounded on North by land of A. E. Cross on East by land of C. D. Conner on South by land of John Gill Est. on West by land of L. N. Kimball, Lot 4 Range 3 Acres 8, Value \$50.00.	5.65
Robert L.	North-west part of said lot, Lot 13, Range 4, Acres 30, Value \$100.00.	8.90
Ed, Virgil	Land bounded on North by Government land on East by land of G. H. Sperry on South by land of Harry Brown on West by Stoneham town line, Lot 9 Range 11 Acres 80, Val. \$350.00, Lot 10 Range 11 Acres 90 Val. \$400.00 Total value \$750.00.	51.15
W. W. Est.	Land bounded on North and East by land of S. G. Bean on South by land of F. R. Littlefield on West by land of L. J. Andrews, Lot 7 Range 3 Acres 130, Value \$500.00.	13.80
Will	Land bounded on North by land of F. R. Littlefield on East by land of Mattie Bird on South by main road on West by land of E. E. Barker, Lot 9 Range 8 Acres 70, Value \$600.00.	41.40
Henry O.	Land bounded on North by land of S. L. Grover on East by land of L. E. Mills on South by Government and on West by land of Hastings Bros. Est. Lot 2 Range 11 Acres 25, Value \$200, Value of buildings \$200, Total value \$400.	28.40
J. A. Est.	Lot 2 Range 10 Acres 80 Value \$300, Lot 1 Range 7 Acres 160 Value \$900, Lot 2 Range 9 Acres 60 Value \$400, Lot 3 Range 9 Acres 160 Value \$550, Lot 14 Range 4 Acres 80 Value \$1100, Lot 2 Range 7 Acres 80 Value \$350, Lot 2 Range 8 Acres 160 Value \$600, Lot 1 Range 6 Acres 160 Value \$800, Total value \$5000.	327.40
Ralph	Land bounded on North and East by land of F. L. Edwards on South and West by road, Lot 4 Range 3 Acres 2 Value \$50.00.	5.65
Ruby	Land bounded on North, East and West by land of Stearns and Daniels on South by land of H. B. Skeels, Lot 8 Range 5 Acres 14 Value \$200, 15.40	

ALMAN L. BROWN, Collector of Taxes of the Town of Albany

TOWN'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF NON-RESIDENT OWNERS
STATE OF MAINE

Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Town of Gilead, in the County of Oxford, for the year 1935. The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the Town of Gilead aforesaid, for the year 1935, committed to me for collection for said Town on the eighth day of June, 1935, unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes with interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real estate is sufficient and necessary to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold at public auction at 10 o'clock, A. M. on the first Monday in February, 1936, at nine o'clock, A. M. on the first Monday in February, 1936, at nine o'clock, A. M.

Owner	Description of Property	Amt. of Tax Due including Interest and Charges
Conner Est. or Kimball	Range 15, No. of acres 7, Valuation \$50.00. Bounded on north by land of C. F. Shaw Est. and Wm. Bingham East by land of F. L. Ordway Est. South by Mason town line. West not known. \$7.58	
Co.	Valuation of buildings and land on all properties below \$64,655.00. Range 3, 4, 5. Acres 413. Bounded on north by Androscoggin River. East and south by Wild River. West by land of Brown Co., known as D. C. Lary farm so called. Also island in Androscoggin River 2 1/2 acres. Also lot of land in bog so called. Land bounded on north and east by Androscoggin River. South by the Canadian National Railway and formerly F. B. Coffin, Eva DeCoster Est. and parsonage lot so called. H. L. Watson land of Coffin & Heath. West by public way and Coffin & Heath, being the J. W. Bennett interval so called. The O. J. Cole place so called. Bounded on north by Androscoggin River. East by public way. South and west by the F. M. Coffin place so called. A part of the F. M. Coffin farm so called. Bounded on north by Androscoggin River. East by the O. J. Cole place and public way and east of Lillian Moore. South by land formerly Leighton & Cole and Lillian Moore Est. and Canadian National Railway. West by Wild River. Land bounded on North by Brown	

Co. East by land of H. L. Watson. South by land of Alice Leighton. West by public way. 1/2 owned by Brown Co. 2 1/2 acres. Range 3, 5, 11, 5, 5, 3, 1, 2. No. of acres 5, 30, 17, 1/2, 150, 150, 684, 23. A parcel of land bounded on north by public way. East by Brown Co. South by Androscoggin River. West by Morse place. Land bounded on north by Androscoggin River. South and east by W. R. Peabody Est. On West by Brown Co. The Morse place so called bounded on North by land of M. R. Bennett formerly. West by land of F. B. Coffin formerly and Brown Co. South by Androscoggin River. West by land formerly H. E. Wheeler. A 6-9 undivided interest in land and buildings known as Jason Heath place, located in village. The Morse wood lot so called. On north by Town line. East by Brown Co. South by land of Peabody and Whitman formerly. West by land formerly M. R. Bennett. The M. R. Bennett farm and buildings so called. Value \$700.00. Bounded on north by town of Riley line. East by land of H. E. Wheeler formerly. South by Androscoggin River. West by land of Edith Quimby formerly and J. E. Richardson farm so called. The A. B. and T. L. Lary farms so called. Value of buildings \$800.00. Bounded on north by Town line. East by Brown Co. and J. E. Richardson farm so called. South by Androscoggin River. West by Brown Co. and N. H. State line. Included in the above a parcel of land owned by Annie Peabody Est. 1/4 acre. Bounded on South by public way and N. H. line. The Wilson farm so called. Range 1, 4, 5, 3. Bounded on north and west by the G. E. Leighton place. South by Androscoggin River. East by J. E. Richardson place so called. West by land of Brown Co. A parcel of land known as the G. E. Leighton place. Bounded on north by the Wilson place so called. East by the Neal McClain place. South by Androscoggin River. West by N. H. Line. Land known as Gammon lot. Bounded on north by land of H. F. Arenburg and formerly James Simpson Est. and formerly W. R. Kimball Est. and E. B. Curtis. South and East by formerly J. W. Bennett Est. West by Wild River. A parcel of land known as the Neal McClain place. Bounded on North by public way and Brown Co. and T. G. Lary pasture. East by the Wilson farm so called. South by the G. E. Leighton lot so called. West by the N. H. state line and Annie Peabody lot so called. Land known as J. E. Richardson farm. Bounded on north by town of Riley line. East by Brown Co. and formerly Edith Quimby, West by Brown Co. South by land of Edith Quimby formerly and Androscoggin River. Range 5, 6, 10, 3, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8. Land known as Nettie McBride and P. M. Coffin lot. Bounded on north by town of Riley line and formerly Peabody & Whitman and Brown Co. lands. H. R. Lowell lot so called. Bounded on north and east by Androscoggin River. West by land formerly Maxim & Fernald. South by the C. N. Railway. The J. P. V. Fagan place so called. Bounded on north by C. N. Railway. East by land of Brown Co. West by W. C. Newell place so called. Land known as W. C. Newell farm. Bounded on north by Androscoggin River. East by land of Brown Co. South by town line and Blanchard & Farnham place. West by Blanchard & Farnham place. Land bounded on north by public way. East by land of A. T. Heath. South by Androscoggin River. West by land of Brown Co. known as F. D. Goodnow place. Land bounded on north by the Androscoggin River and land of Eva DeCoster Est. East by land formerly Hodgeman place. South by land formerly J. W. Bennett and Eva DeCoster Est. West by land formerly J. W. Bennett place. Range 9, 10, 8, 9, 9, 10, 4, 4, 6, 6. Land bounded on north by formerly Luella Coffin. South by Androscoggin River. West by land of A. T. Heath. East by A. D. & F. A. Wight. Known as part of the E. T. Peabody farm. Land bounded on north by town of Riley line. East by land of A. D. & F. A. Wight. South by land formerly Peabody & Whitman. West by land of A. T. Heath. A parcel of land East by land formerly Hodgeman place. South west by land formerly J. A. McBride and S. A. Coffin farm. East by W. R. Peabody Est. South by Peabody lot and W. R. Peabody Est., so called. West by S. A. Coffin farm so called. Also island in River. Bounded on north by French Brook and land of Brown Co. East by Brown Co. South by Androscoggin River. West by J. E. Richardson place so called. Land bounded on north by Town of Riley line. East by land formerly M. R. Bennett place and Brown Co. South by Androscoggin River. West by Brown Co. Known as H. E. Wheeler place. Bounded on north by land formerly Peabody & Whitman. East and West by land of Brown Co. South by public way. Land bounded on north and east by Brown Co. South by C. N. Railway. West by J. E. Richardson Est. Except land of Eva DeCoster Est. and parsonage lot so called. Also island in Androscoggin River. \$3139.14

December 17, 1935
LELAND E. MASON, Collector of Taxes of the Town of Gilead.

COLLECTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF NON-RESIDENT OWNERS
STATE OF MAINE

Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Town of Mason, in the County of Oxford, for the year 1935.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the Town of Mason aforesaid, for the year 1935, committed to me for collection for said Town on the twenty-second day of June, 1935, remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes with interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real estate taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold without further notice at public auction at Town House in said Town, on the first Monday in February, 1936, at nine o'clock, A. M.

Name of Owner	Description of Property	Amt. of Tax Due
Fred Lovejoy	Bounded on the south by County road, on the east by land of Ernest Morrill and Hastings Brothers, on the north by land of Stowell Company, on the west by land of J. A. Twaddle estate and E. C. Mills. Lot 7 range 2, 50 acres; lot 6 range 2, 50 acres; lot 7 range 2, 100 acres. \$36.00	
J. A. Twaddle est.	Lot 8 range 3, 160 acres; lot 6 range 6, 100 acres; lot 2 range 6, 100 acres; lot 3 range 6, 100 acres.	\$110.40

December 17, 1935
VIOLA G. MORRILL, Collector of Taxes of the Town of Mason

WITH THE POETS

To Our Readers—If there is an old song or poem which you cannot find and would like to see in print, write the Citizen. If we are unable to locate it possibly another reader can furnish it for publication.

A "GOOD-MORNING" AND A SMILE
Rev. William Wood

Get up cheerily each morning
With a happy thought, and smile;
Charge your lips with a "Good-Morning!"
Free from every tinge of guile:
You will make the day a glad one
For yourself and others, too,
Other lives will shine much brighter,
Reflecting what had shone
through you!

FOR SELF ALONE!
Rev. William Wood

He had a splendid start in life,
Well-born and circumstanced,
And might have won the hearts of
men
As he with years advanced;
But he possessed a static soul,
A mean and grasping mind,
With all he made he never sought
To be the helping kind!
He might have blessed, but never
turned
A hand to help another;
He lived for self, and self alone,
No man to him was "Brother!"
He boasted of his hoarded wealth,
But when he came to die,
He raved in dread, attendants said,
Lest dollars pass him by!
And he beheld his naked soul,
Impoverished, alone,
His shrivelled self a pauper gaunt,
His heart as hard as stone!
While legally his wealth was great,
His mind conceived it FLED,
Himself a "Poor House" habitant,
His very soul was dead!

HIS SUBSTITUTE!
Rev. William Wood

They say, "There is no devil now!"
Perhaps there ain't! But then
There's something like he used to
be
In many modern men!
"Men do not lie!" Perhaps they
don't!
They do "exaggerate!"
Or, on the other hand, short-weight!
Their scales are up-to-date!
"They do not rob you!" O, No! No!
They lead you to "invest!"
You do! And lose your little all,
Including interest!
"They would not wrong you!" Not
a bit!
But what they do is switch
Your little train to their own track
And leave you in the ditch!
A devil? No! He's gone to stay!
And left you on the ice!
His kin remains and always play
Life's game with loaded dice!
A devil? Horn and hoof no more!
But all on mischief bent
Will find themselves accompanied
By some sleek, suave gent!
It is no devil! Not a bit,
But you! Yourself refined!
WATCH OUT! or something devil-
ish
Will get you, heart and mind!

Twelve thousand land-owners
agreed to cooperate with the soil
its future operations, as outlined
conservation service in the year
ending June 30, 1935. These demon-
stration areas include 1,600,000
acres, signed up for five years.

THE
BETHEL
NATIONAL
BANK
BETHEL, MAINE
IN BUSINESS
SINCE 1905

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
PUBLISHED THURSDAYS AT
BETHEL, MAINE
CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter,
May 7, 1908, at the post office at
Bethel, Maine.

Single copies of the Citizen are
on sale at the Citizen office and
also by
W. E. Bosserman, Bethel
Chamberlin's Fruit Store, Bethel
Donald and Irving Brown, Bethel
Robert Perry, West Bethel
George Stearns, Hanover
Leo Estes, Locke Mills
Clayton Holden, Gilead

Any letter or article intended for
publication in the Citizen must
bear the signature and address of
the author and be written on only
one side of the paper. We reserve
the right to exclude, or publish
contributions in part.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1935

BETHEL NEEDS

More and Better Sidewalks—winter
and summer
Night Watchman—All the Year
Rural Fire Protection
Enforced Traffic Rules
Australian Ballot System for Town
Meetings

TAKING STOCK OF AMERICA

One of the favorite theme-songs
today of demagogues and publicity-
minded politicians is that the Amer-
ican system has failed. But C. L.
Bardo, president of the National
Association of Manufacturers, took
stock of what this system has pro-
duced through private initiative and
a free flow of investment capital,
and here is what he found:

That with 7% of the world's pop-
ulation, this country has 22% of
the railroads, 58% of the telephone
and telegraph facilities, 36% of its
developed water power, 76% of the
automobiles, 33% of the radio
broadcasting stations and 44% of
the radio receiving sets.

In the United States are produced
60% of the world's oil; 48% of the
copper; 42% of the pig iron; 47%
of the steel; 58% of the corn; and,
prior to the coming of the AAA,
66% of the cotton.

Our standard of living is so much
higher than in foreign countries
that we consume 1/2 of the world's
coffee; 1/2 of its rubber; 1/2 of its
sugar; 1/2 of its silk; 1-2 of its coal;
and 2-3 of its petroleum.

In 1922, a depression year, there
was spent in the United States
more than three billion dollars for
education, and that was more than
the amount expended for education
by all of the other countries in the
world. The United States is the
only country in the world to put
one out of every five children
through high school, and one out
of every 116 through college.

This country has more than 7
billion dollars invested in public
and private schools and nearly 4
billion dollars invested in colleges
and universities. It has nearly 4
billion dollars invested in churches.

Most workers in America are
capitalist already. In 1926, 14 mil-
lion families owned their own
homes. More than half of all the
farmers owned their own farms. In
1934, including postal savings, there
were more than 35 million savings
accounts in banks throughout the
country with aggregate deposits ex-
ceeding 2 billion dollars. In the
year 1933 there were more than 9
million members of building and
loan associations, with assets ap-
proaching 7 billion dollars.

At the beginning of 1934 there
were over 31,500,000 ordinary life
insurance policies in force for a
face value of over 70 billion dollars,
and there were in addition over
58,250,000 industrial policies call-
ing for payment of almost 18 1/2 bil-
lion dollars.

Such is the picture of our social
order. Such is the triumph of Amer-
ica's philosophy of government—a
government of the people, by the
people and for the people. This new
principle in public affairs provided
an incentive for American enter-
prise and initiative, released forces
unknown in human history and pro-
vided a standard of living which the
rest of the world in its wildest
dreams had never even pictured.
That standard of living is a fact.
Although it's a miracle, it certainly
isn't a myth.

THE COLLEGE RADICAL



ECONOMIC HIGHLIGHTS

Happenings That Affect the Dinner
Falls, Dividend Checks and Tax
Bills of Every Individual. National
and International Problems,
Inseparable from Local Welfare.

The long anticipated split be-
tween industry and the New Deal
has occurred at last.

For almost three years American
business as a whole has had re-
latively little to say in opposition
to New Deal policies. It has been
aloof, polite, non-committal. Now it
has definitely broken with the
Roosevelt Administration, and
there seems little chance that re-
lations can be resumed on even a
superficially amicable basis.

Not so long ago the United States
Chamber of Commerce adopted a
number of pointed resolutions op-
posing New Deal theories. At the
recent meeting of the American
Bankers Association, Administra-
tion economics were flayed right
and left by prominent speakers.
And the real split came on Decem-
ber 5, when several hundred of the
nation's principal executives, dele-
gates to the Joint 1935 Congress of
American Industry and the Na-
tional Association of Manufactur-
ers, ratified without one dissenting
voice, a business creed that is the
direct antithesis of almost every-
thing the Administration stands
for.

These delegates asserted that
"the American system has not
failed." They protested "blind ex-
perimentation and hasty legislation
which undermine the American sys-
tem and ignore America's brilliant
record of accomplishment." They
said "the first need of the country,
in the interests of recovery, pros-
perity and progress, is an assur-
ance of the preservation of the
principles and guarantees under-
lying the American system." They
then adopted a platform for 1936,
that, in the light of their last
year's platform, which said little
save to vaguely promise "coopera-
tion" to the Administration, is re-
markably aggressive. Here are some
outstanding planks: 1. The main-
tenance of Constitutional guaran-
tees. 2. Preservation of the freedom
of enterprise. 3. Security through
economic progress. 4. Maintenance
of sound tax and financial policies.

Briefly expressed like this, these
planks do not seem startling. But
the full text in which they were
written, does. In the case of the
first plank, for example, it was
charged that governmental officials
and legislators have attempted to
circumvent through technicalities
the true intent of the Constitution.
In the case of the second, it was
said that governmental planning
(a basic New Deal policy) would
make revival of private enterprise
impossible. In the case of the third,
it was charged that security can-
not be achieved by legislative de-
crees. And in the case of the last,
the Administration's fiscal policy
was denounced, by intimation, in

its entirety. The plank demanded
government spending only for es-
sential government functions, a
currency maintained upon a dollar
of fixed gold value, and a limitation
of government's supervisory pow-
ers over banking and credit.

To some, it may appear strange
that business leaders should take
this attitude at a time when busi-
ness is going ahead, and when in-
dustrial conditions are the best
since 1920, so far as production and
sales are concerned. That seeming
anomaly is easily explained. Today
as much as they sold in the boom
days—but are earning much small-
er profits, largely because of higher
taxes. Many industries are in-
volved in an endless struggle
with Washington official bodies,
such as the Securities and Ex-
change Commission and the Federal
Trade Commission, and fear that
continuance of New Deal policies
will eventually mean the usurpa-
tion of the functions of industrial
management by the government.
Many business leaders honestly be-
lieve that the current business im-
provement is without a sound founda-
tion—that it results from vast
government spending, from tamper-
ing with the money system, from a
sort of credit inflation, and that
a crash is inevitable. And practical-
ly all business men are certain that
the rising public debt, which must
be reflected in higher taxes, is the
worst possible threat to stability.

This attitude may be justified or
not, but current trends indicate
that the President will go into the
1936 campaign with business solid-
ly against him. In 1932 business
leaders had little actual enmity to-
ward Mr. Roosevelt and he had a
good measure of industrial support.
Has the changed attitude of busi-
ness seriously damaged his chance
of reelection? One man's guess is
as good as another's in answering
that riddle.

Many political commentators be-
lieve that President Roosevelt's re-
cent Atlanta speech marked the
opening run of his 1936 campaign.
The speech, well phrased, delivered
in the President's best manner,
amounted to a vigorous defense of
his national stewardship.

The President stood solidly be-
hind his farm policy, his spending
policy, and his money policy. He
claimed one result for his acts in
the fields of banking and security
regulation. He stated that the size
of the public debt does not manage
American credit, saying: "The cred-
it of the Government is today
higher than that of any other great
nation...." He forecast a dwindle-
ling deficit.

From this speech, it seems certain
that the President will ask re-elec-
tion on his record, will make no
apologies, and will make no major
change in general policy.

All colors used in food manufac-
turing are required by law to be
certified harmless by a laboratory
of the United States Department of
Agriculture.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Troop 165, Boy Scouts of Ameri-
ca, wish all their friends who have
helped them in 1935 a very happy
New Year.

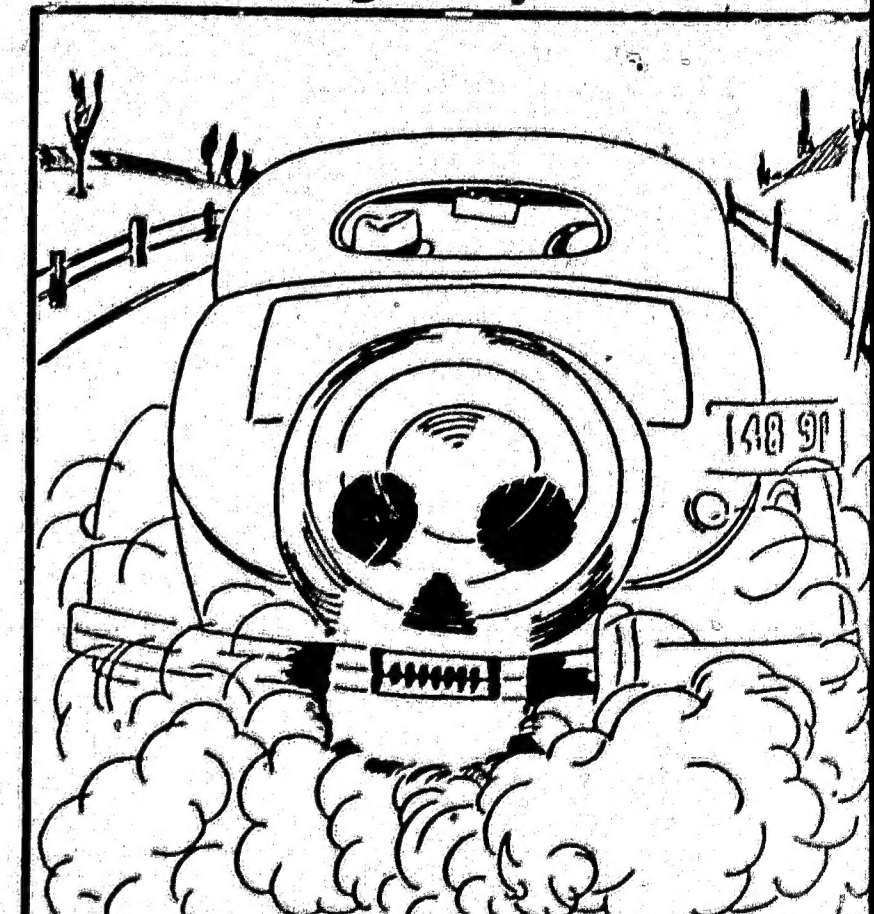
A group of Girl Scouts had a
very enjoyable time Monday eve-
ning singing Christmas carols at
several homes in town.

At the annual meeting of the
Ladies Aid on Thursday of last
week the following officers were
elected for the ensuing year: Pres.,
Miss Minnie Capen; 1st Vice-Pres.,
Mrs. Mabel Greenleaf; 2d Vice-
Pres., Mrs. Lettie Hall; Sec.-Treas.,
Mrs. Millicent Wentzel; Asst. Sec.,
Mrs. Irene Hutchinson.

Stable manure should not
be piled to a good stand of
grasses and clover.

Interest payments on federal
bank loans exceeded the in-
come due by a substantial amount.

Invisible Highway Peril Fought By New Gas Test



Every year the deadly traffic toll reaches new figures for
deaths. This is the first of a series of articles to combat a new
mon enemy, carbon monoxide gas, more deadly and insidious than
"poison gas" employed in warfare.

By L. T. WHITE
Highway Safety Expert

YOU are driving along in your
automobile—traveling at a
reasonable rate of speed. Your
brakes are good; your motor is
functioning smoothly; your tires
are in fine condition. But a new
public enemy is riding with you!
A public enemy few motorists sus-
pect; a vicious enemy that may
strike you dead by suddenly throw-
ing your judgement out of focus,
by dangerously diminishing your
natural alertness.

That enemy is carbon monoxide,
and the fact that 80 percent of au-
tomobile accidents are caused by
"unaccountable" loss of control
shows the vital importance of con-
stant tests to make sure that your
automobile is not expelling danger-
ous quantities of carbon monoxide
—the poison that dulls the alert-
ness of drivers.

Recent examinations by highway

authorities indicate that 66 per-
cent of cars examined showed the
present in excessive amounts
not only seeped through front
boards, but air currents fre-
quently propelled them into the
car.

To fight this ever-present en-
emy which brings on headaches,
nausea, and other dangerous con-
ditions, engineers have de-
vised the Power Prover, a
simple means of ascertaining
whether the danger of carbon mon-
oxide is present. The device is
themselves of this test and
advised that they had been driv-
ing the menace of carbon mon-
oxide constantly in their cars.

With many insurance com-
panies and safety committees
every motorist make a power
test of his car at regular
vals, it will not be long
danger of carbon monoxide
cut to a minimum degree.

CONSUMERS ARE EXEMPT FROM POTATO PENALTIES

Consumers who buy potatoes
the ordinary way are exempt
penalties under the potato act
according to a recent interpreta-
made by the Agricultural Ad-
ministration.

"The penalty provision, as
any consumer is concerned
plies only to persons who know-
ly violate the act by purchas-
ing potatoes which were not pack-
aged and stamped containing
the time of their first sale,"
Hutson, director of the admin-
which has charge of the potato
gram, says. "This means a
buyer would not violate the
unless he purchased potatoes
direct from the grower, while
ing that the grower had not
plied with the requirements of
Act with regard to packaging
stamping.

"The majority of the retail
of potatoes—sales from the
consumer—do not come within
scope of the Potato Act. It
says the first sale of potatoes
vested and sold on or after
ber 1, 1935, shall be in close
tainers bearing tax-exempt
paid stamps. The first sale
only the initial sale by the
cer. The potatoes sold by re-
do not represent the first sale
less the retailer is also the
of the potatoes he is selling
sumers buying potatoes in
tainers need have no concern
potatoes are not in close
stamped containers. The po-
need be in such stamped con-
only at the time of the first
Housewives and other pur-
of potatoes for consumption
continue to buy their pota-
the customary way, unaffected
rectly by the law."

Stable manure should not
be piled to a good stand of
grasses and clover.

Interest payments on federal
bank loans exceeded the in-
come due by a substantial amount.

NEW AIR SLEEPERS
Monica, Cal. — Look-
ing like a small Pull-
man, the new Dou-
glas plane went through
its two 930 h.p. en-
gines give the ship a
speed of 210 miles per hour.
The "sections" provide 24
seats with comfortable day
rest and high altitu-
dinal and Western
travel to purchase the
meeting specifications
have options on 60 m.p.h.

Continued from Page One

NEW CAMPAIGN CRY

Washington, D. C.—Republi-
cans a hard word at the
election as a slogan of
Presidential campaign
"Lust." They point
to a deficit of \$3,500,000,000
national debt of more than
\$100 billion. In the meantime the P.
and his advisers are be-
lieving the big job of effecting re-
lief programs.

SPORTS FAVORITES

York City—Associated Press
results of a newspa-
per poll to determine most pop-
ular players of the year. Joe L.
with 184 votes; James
the actual heavy-
weight, got only 7 votes. C.
Collier Lawson Little,
Jesse Owens, 61; Chi-
cagoer Jay Berwinger.
Baseballer Mickey
Helen Woods Moody,
led the women's divi-
sion.

STICK COVERAGE

University of Wisconsin —
college daily, estimat-
ing co-ed usage enough
application to cover
pages. Figures that un-
der co-eds use enough
to paint four good-

NEW DOLLAR BILLS

Washington, D. C.—Treasury
has issued first batch
of silver certifi-
cates; bill 1
of great seal of U. S.
green reverse bearing
for "A New Order of

NEW AMERICAN LINER

Port News, Va. — Con-
tinued from the con-
struction of a 23,000-ton liner
States Lines which
that company to retire
the Leviathan from ser-
vice. It is a cabin liner
1,500,000 similar to the
Washington and Manha-
tten. W. Chapman, former
of the same line comes
to build two 100,000-ton
ships costing \$50,000,000 each
owned by the Govern-
ment's proposal pictures
of identical cabins, bi-
tween anything
offering one-way fare
for \$50 without food,
and swanky restaur-
ant meals anywhere
to \$5.00. Authorization
ships must come from

UNDER WAR IN LIQUOR

Swich, Conn. — This stat-
e on liquors. Just over
Westchester, New York
the country's richest
willing, however, to
case by buying Chris-
mas in the Nutmeg State. Si-
Westchester dealers
New Yorkers with Connec-
ticut threatened them for violat-
New York law. "No person
into this state any li-
censed to a person
state border while the C.
the legal tangles, s-
dealer dealers are sorry
resentment will
in sales.

at Cornell Univer-
been able to put into
a iodine content equi-
valent to sea fish by adding dried
to the dairy ration.



May 1936
Be Your Best Year

Optimistic!

That's how we feel about the outlook for 1936. We believe there's much happiness and in-

creased prosperity in store for all of us. That's why we can make our greeting so sincere.

CENTRAL SERVICE STATION



Words are but poor things to express our appreciation of your many favors during the year just past. May we show how grateful we are by being

of greater service to you during 1936. Our heartiest good wishes for you in 1936.

ROBERTSON SERVICE STATION



No pleasure we may have as the old year ends will be as great as that of wishing all of you a Happy, Prosperous, and Healthful 1936.

ROWE'S

Head-to-Toe Outfitters
Since 1865



In 1936

we shall strive to merit your good will by maintaining our same high standard of quality that has won for us your friendship.

J. P. BUTTS



We are proud of the confidence you have shown by your continued patronage. And in return we want to pledge ourselves to better service and higher values during the year.

EDW. P. LYON



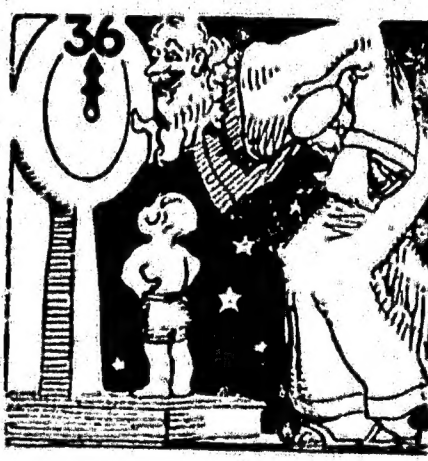
E. F. BISBEE

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal



As Loud as We Can Say It!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR FOR ALL OF YOU!

L. E. DAVIS



Count us in—among those who are here to wish that the coming year will be rich in happiness, good wishes and prosperity for everybody.

J. B. HAM CO.



May 1936

be crowded with 365 days of happiness for our patrons and friends.

PINE TREE RESTAURANT



CROCKETT'S GARAGE



There isn't much room here, but our New Year's greeting is just as great as all the others.

H. I. BEAN

Fur Buyer
and Firearms Dealer



Our heartiest good wishes for you in 1936.

ALLEN'S SHOE STORE



A Resolution—

That every month of 1936 will make a greater contribution to your good living. We hope you will let us greet you often.

CHAMBERLIN'S FRUIT STORE

YOUTH ALBANY

Mrs. Arthur An... and guests of Mrs. ... at Hunt's Corner ... spent the week ...
Mrs. Hugh Stearns ... of Mr. and Mrs. Ray ... Sunday.
Mrs. Colby Robinson ... Kimball were dinner ... Kimball's, Sunday.
Gledhill conducted ... service at Albany ... morning.
Allen and Ray ... were in Norway on ... Saturday.
Ribbetts from Bethel ... to see Mrs. W. G. Fisk ... week.
Christmas Tree at the ... church was well attended ... Wardwell and son A ... Norway on business ...

Fullerton was very si ... night. Dr. Hubbar ... him.
Langway has been ha ... B. K. Shedd.
Morey caught a b ...

OFFICE OF FORECLOSURE

REAS, Maude E. Hubb ... in the County of Oxf ... Maine and Clinton P ... Vero Beach, in the C ... and State of Florid ... mortgage deed dated N ... 1926, recorded in the ... County Registry of De ... Page 385, conveyed ... Trust Company, a cor ... organized and existin ... of the State of Main ... principal places of ... Portland in the Coun ... and State of Main ... lots or parcels of ... and described as fol ... three following lots or ... land, together with ... thereon, situated ... shore of the lot ... of Upper Kezar Lake ... town of Lovell and ... Maude E. Hubb ... the following deeds: ... William A. and Charles ... by deed dated Sept ... 1913 and recorded ... Western District Re ... Deeds in book 103, p ... second by deed from ... and Merrill dated O ... 1917 and recorded ... Registry book 110, p ... third, by deed from A ... and Frank Harmon de ... 1915, and recorded ... Registry in book 105, p ...

three several lots or ... contiguous to the ... parcels referred to and ... town of Lovell, toget ... the buildings there ... to said Clinton ... and by the three follow ... first by deed from ... R. Davis and Frank H ... dated August 29th, 1 ... recorded in said Regis ... 89, page 148; second ... from W. A. and C. A. M ... dated November 12th, 1 ... recorded in book 89, p ... said Registry; and th ... from said Merrill ... dated September 1 ... and recorded in said ... in book 103, page 45 ... entire parcels above re ... case about six acres, ... REAS, Robert Braun, o ... is now and has been ... 20, 1933 the duly appo ... and acting Conserv ... Fidelity Trust Com ... he became and is no ... at said mortgage in hi ... and ... REAS, the condition o ... has been and n ...

THEREFORE, by rea ... of the condition th ... Robert Braun, Conserva ... Fidelity Trust Company, h ... mortgage, claims a ... thereof.
at Portland, Maine, ... 21, 1935.
Robert Braun
Conservator of
Fidelity Trust Com

restone,
obil Freezer
LORD'S
PHONE 25
Inspecti

YOUTH ALBANY

Mrs. Arthur Andrews and guests of Mrs. Nannette Andrews spent the week end at Hunt's Corner.

Mrs. Hugh Stearns were of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sunday.

Mrs. Colby Robinson and Kimball were dinner guests at Kimball's, Sunday.

Gledhill conducted the service at Albany Church morning.

Allen and Raymond were in Norway on business Saturday.

Thibetta from Bethel was to see Mrs. W. G. Fiske one week.

Christmas Tree at the Albany was well attended.

Wardwell and son Arthur were in Norway on business, Friday.

Fullerton was very sick on night. Dr. Hubbard attended.

Langway has been hauling for E. K. Shedd.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

Morey caught a bob-cat.

STATE OF MAINE

Oxford, ss. TO THE HONORABLE JUSTICES OF THE SUPERIOR COURT to be held at Rumbold, within and for said County of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March, A. D. 1936.

Respectfully Represents, Claribel Swift Randolph resident at Woodstock in the County of Oxford and State of Maine that she was lawfully married to David Henry Randolph of parts unknown at Boston in the County of Suffolk and State of Massachusetts on the tenth day of October A. D. 1932, by Mr. Frisbee, a Justice of the Peace, a person duly authorized to solemnize marriages therein;

That the Libellant and Libellee cohabited in this State after their said marriage;

That the Libellant resided in this State when the cause of divorce accrued as hereinafter set forth;

That the Libellant has resided in this State in good faith for one year prior to the commencement of these proceedings;

That the Libellee is a resident of this State;

That the Libellant has ever been faithful to her marriage obligations, but that the said Libellee has been unfaithful of the same;

That there is no collusion between your Libellant and the said Libellee to obtain a divorce;

That being of sufficient ability and being able to labor and provide for her, said Libellee grossly, wantonly and cruelly refuses or neglects to provide suitable maintenance for your Libellant;

That since marriage the said Libellee has been addicted to gross and confirmed habits of intoxication from the use of intoxicating liquors, opium or other drugs.

That the said Libellee has been guilty of cruel and abusive treatment toward your said Libellant as follows: to the great injury of her health and happiness.

That no child has been born to them during their said marriage.

Wherefore, your Libellant prays that a divorce from the bonds of matrimony between herself and the said Libellee may be decreed;

And your Libellant further alleges that the residence of said Libellee is unknown to your Libellant, and cannot be ascertained by reasonable diligence.

Dated at Paris this sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1935.

Claribel Swift Randolph Libellant.

STATE OF MAINE Oxford, ss. South Paris, Maine, December 16th A. D. 1935.

Personally appeared Claribel Swift Randolph above named Libellant and made oath that the foregoing allegation as to the residence of the Libellee is true.

Before me, D. Walker Abbott, Justice of the Peace.

(SEAL) STATE OF MAINE County of Oxford, ss. Superior Court, In Vacation, December 16, A. D. 1935.

Upon the foregoing Libel, ORDERED, That the Libellant give notice to the said David Henry Randolph to appear before the Justice of our Superior Court, to be holden at Rumbold, within and for the County of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March, A. D. 1936, by publishing an attested copy of said libel, and this order thereon, three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper printed in Bethel, in our County of Oxford, the last publication to be thirty days at least prior to said first Tuesday of March, 1936, that he may there and then in our Court appear and show cause, if any he have, why the prayer of said Libellant should not be granted.

Albert Belliveau Justice of the Superior Court. A true copy of the libel and order of court thereon. Attest: Rupert F. Aldrich, Clerk.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

Whereas Herbert H. Morton and Daisy B. Morton, both of Newry, County of Oxford, State of Maine, husband and wife, by their mortgage dated May 29, 1923, and recorded in Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 359, Page 487, conveyed to Fred Hapgood, of Bethel, in said County, certain real estate situated in said Newry and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

A certain parcel of land in said Newry, with the buildings thereon, bounded northerly by land formerly of Herbert O. Chapman, now of Mrs. Pearl Kilgore; easterly by land formerly of Ralph W. Kilgore; southerly by land formerly of Charles C. Bennett; westerly by Bear River, so called.

Also a certain other parcel of land in said Newry, being the Edmund P. Chapman fifty acre lot, now or formerly so known, and being one half of the hundred acre lot purchased by said Chapman et al of R. L. Paine, said Chapman half being conveyed to Reuben Foster, and being the southeasterly half of Lot Numbered six, in the seventh range of lots in said Newry or in that part of Newry which was formerly Andover West Surplus; and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken: Now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, the said Fred Hapgood by his Conservator, Mildred Hapgood Lyon, claims a foreclosure of said mortgage.

Dated December 4, 1935. FRED HAPGOOD by Mildred Hapgood Lyon his Conservator.

38

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

Whereas Albert W. Hulbert and Grace M. Hulbert, both of Newry, County of Oxford, State of Maine, by their mortgage deed dated November 24, 1926, and recorded in Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 352, Page 469, conveyed to Bethel Savings Bank, a corporation existing by law and located at Bethel, in said County and State, a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated partly in said Newry and partly in Hanover, in said County, and bounded as follows: beginning at a point in said Hanover, at a cherry tree at the southeast corner of the stable on said parcel, on the bank of the upland; thence northerly about four rods to the road leading from said Newry, at Newry Corner, so called, down the Androscoggin River; thence westerly along said road and across the line between said Newry and Hanover, thirteen and one-half rods to a point; thence southerly about four rods to the bank of the upland; thence easterly along said bank of the upland to the point of beginning. Being the same premises named and described in deed of Carrie F. French to said Hulberts, dated said November 24, 1926, and recorded in said Registry; and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken: Now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, the said Bethel Savings Bank claims a foreclosure of said mortgage.

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK by Fred F. Bean its treasurer duly authorized Dated November 26, 1935.

39

A short history of the Farm Credit Administration and the principles upon which it expects to base its future operations, as outlined in a recent talk by W. I. Myers, governor of the FCA, is available from the Farm Credit Administration. The title is "Permanent Sources of Cooperative Credit for Agriculture."

The Outlook for Maine Farm Homes in 1936, Circular 114, is available on request from the Extension Service, Orono, Maine.

More and More New Englanders Are Stopping at the VENDOME . . . When in BOSTON.

For they enjoy the genuine New England Hospitality and environs of Copley Square. Ten minute walk to Tremont Street, shopping and theatrical center. Five minutes by subway.

NEW NIPPON ROOM RESTAURANT and Cocktail Bar, Supplementing Main Dining Room.

Room Rates: Single, with bath, from \$3.00. Double, with bath, from \$5.00. Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, from \$8.00. Breakfasts from 55c. Lunch, 50c & Dinner, \$1.

(An Abbott Hotel) KARL F. ABBOTT President EDWARD DOWNES Manager

Commonwealth Ave & Dartmouth Street

Commonwealth Ave & Dartmouth Street

Commonwealth Ave & Dartmouth Street

Commonwealth Ave & Dartmouth Street

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

WHEREAS, Frank A. Ridlon of Fryeburg in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated September 7, 1926, recorded in the W. D. Oxford County Registry of Deeds in Book 115, Page 364, conveyed to Joseph Pitts of Harrison in the County of Cumberland and State of Maine, a certain lot or parcel of land situated in said Fryeburg and bounded and described as follows:

The Dr. Towle office lot and building thereon, so called situated on the easterly side of Portland Street in the Village of Fryeburg in said town of Fryeburg, and bounded westerly by said Street, northerly by land now of Eliza G. Fife, easterly by land of Perkins and Pendexter, and southerly by the office of Edward E. Hastings, Saving, excepting and reserving the right of way over the same sold by Henry Andrews during his ownership of the above described premises to Perkins and Pendexter.

Frank A. Ridlon acquired his title hereto by deed from Henry Andrews to Frank A. Ridlon and Noah McDonald, dated October 2nd, 1923 and recorded in Oxford Western District Registry of Deeds, book 116, page 169, and by deed from said McDonald to Frank A. Ridlon dated January 19th, 1926 and recorded in said Registry book 120, page 191, and Whereas, the said Joseph Pitts by an assignment dated September 17, 1928, recorded in said Registry of Deeds in Book 121, Page 88, conveyed said mortgage and the note thereby secured to the Fidelity Trust Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of Maine and having its place of business in Portland in the County of Cumberland and State of Maine, and

WHEREAS, Robert Braun, of said Portland, is now and has been since March 20, 1933 the duly appointed, qualified and acting Conservator for said Fidelity Trust Company, whereby he became and is now the holder of said mortgage in his said capacity, and

WHEREAS, the condition of said mortgage has been and now is broken

Now THEREFORE, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, said Robert Braun, Conservator of said Fidelity Trust Company, holder of said mortgage, claims a foreclosure thereof.

Dated at Portland, Maine, December 6, 1935.

ROBERT BRAUN Conservator of Fidelity Trust Company.

38

DODGE AND PLYMOUTH CARS

DODGE TRUCKS 1/2 to 5 Ton

O. K. CLIFFORD CO. INC. SOUTH PARIS

ELECTROL The Oil Burner that means economy, with service behind it. Let us quote installed prices.

HEATING AND PLUMBING Also Mill Work as Usual

H. ALTON BACON BRYANT POND, MAINE

More and More New Englanders Are Stopping at the VENDOME . . . When in BOSTON.

For they enjoy the genuine New England Hospitality and environs of Copley Square. Ten minute walk to Tremont Street, shopping and theatrical center. Five minutes by subway.

NEW NIPPON ROOM RESTAURANT and Cocktail Bar, Supplementing Main Dining Room.

Room Rates: Single, with bath, from \$3.00. Double, with bath, from \$5.00. Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, from \$8.00. Breakfasts from 55c. Lunch, 50c & Dinner, \$1.

(An Abbott Hotel) KARL F. ABBOTT President EDWARD DOWNES Manager

GREENWOOD CITY

Mrs. George Cole recently visited her daughter at East Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Whitman have moved to South Waterford for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Morgan were callers at L. B. Emmons', Locks Mills, Sunday.

Frank Curtis of North Berwick spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Morgan.

Miss Fay Morgan of West Paris is spending the Christmas holidays with her father, Robert Morgan.

The pupils of the school enjoyed a Christmas tree on Friday evening.

Mrs. John Ring and family were in Lewiston on Thursday.

BUSINESS CARDS

Watch This Space for Dates.



Eyes Examined, Glasses Fitted

by

E. L. GREENLEAF

OPTOMETRIST

over Rowe's Store

SATURDAY, JAN. 4

DR. RALPH OTIS HOOD

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

office at the residence of

Myron Bryant

Bethel:

Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays

Berlin: Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays

DR. HOWARD E. TYLER

CHIROPRACTOR

Bethel NORWAY

Mon. Afternoon Tel. 225

Thurs. Evening

Dr. H. INGRAM STEPHENSON

NATUROPATHIC PHYSICIAN

MAIN STREET, BRYANT POND

At 5 Broad Street, Bethel

over Ruth Wanda Shop

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

Hours, 2 to 4 p. m. Phone 57-23

S. S. Greenleaf

Funeral Home

Modern Ambulance & equipment

TELEPHONE 112 BETHEL, ME.

DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

BETHEL, MAINE

MARBLE & GRANITE WORKERS

Chaste Designs

FIRST CLASS WORKMANSHIP

Letters of inquiry promptly answered

See Our Work—Get Our Prices

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

KNOW WHAT YOU BUY

Nationally Advertised Goods are

Sold by Bethel Merchants

The purchaser of standard advertised products takes no chances.

The quality and price are right.

The manufacturer cannot afford to have it otherwise.

BUY NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS IN BETHEL

APOLLO Chocolates,

W. E. BOSSERMAN

CHILTON Pens, E. P. LYON

Community, Rogers Bros., and

Holmes & Edwards Silver,

E. P. LYON

EASTMAN Kodaks,

W. E. BOSSERMAN

GOODRICH Rubbers, ROWEN

McKESSON Health Products,

W. E. BOSSERMAN

MICHAELS-STERN Clothes,

ROWEN

MUNSING WEAR, ROWEN

PHILCO Radios, E. P. LYON

WALK OVER Shoes, ROWEN

WATERMAN Fountain Pens,

W. E. BOSSERMAN

W. E. BOSSERMAN

W. E. BOSSERMAN

W. E. BOSSERMAN

W. E. BOSSERMAN

estone, \$2.70 gal.
obil Freezone, \$1.00 gal.
LORD'S GARAGE
NONE 25 BETHEL, ME.
Inspection Station 612

Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.
Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE AT BARGAIN—Second-hand Bookcase in A1 condition. Three sections. CHARLES E. MERRILL, Bethel. 39p

FOR SALE—Children's Crib and mattress, drop leaf table, Clarion heater stove, desk, couch bed and mattress, pillows. MRS. MARGARET SPINNEY, Mechanic St. 36

FOR SALE—WOOL BATS. MRS. FRED MUNDT, Bethel, Maine. Tel. 28-111. 38p

NOTICE—For Trades in Good Meat call at Sanborn Farm, next to Steam Mill. Any amount sold at reasonable prices. Fridays and Saturdays. FRANK SPRAGUE, Dealer in Livestock, Bethel. 32pt

WOOD FOR SALE—Seasoned under cover. Four foot, 16 inch or 12 inch lengths. FRED L. CLARK, Bethel. 20tf

MISCELLANEOUS

FOUR ROOM RENT TO LET. Inquire EUGENE VAN. 38

List Your Real Estate for the Spring trade with us at once as we have customers for homes in view. BETHEL AUCTION CO., 28 Main St. 36p

Firearms, Ammunition, and Traps. Supplies, bought, sold, and exchanged by H. I. BEAN, Bethel, Maine. Dealer in Raw Furs, Deer Skins, Hides and Pelts. 2tf

ETTA WILBUR GULLIVER

Mrs. Etta Gulliver died suddenly Tuesday night, Dec. 17, at the home of Dr. Fred Earle of Week's Mills. Mrs. Gulliver was born in Albany, in the house now owned by Sumner Bean, on December 25, 1864, the daughter of Benjamin and Minnie Lawrence Wilbur, and was the last of her family. She had been employed in the home of Dr. Earle for 23 years and was about her household duties the day she passed away.

Surviving relatives in this section are Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth Wilbur of Bethel, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Bell of South Paris, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bell of Norway.

Services were held at Greenleaf's Funeral Home, Friday, Rev. P. J. Clifford officiating. Interment was at Albany.

Albany—Waterford

Deferred

The North Waterford Primary School had five pupils with perfect attendance for the Fall term of fourteen weeks. They were: Rodney Cummings, Manley Kimball, Benjamin Dutton, Marilyn Dargis, and Ava McKee.

Those receiving 100% in spelling for the week of December 13 were: Fourth grade—Ava McKee, Marcelle Brackett, Berkeley Henley, Marilyn Dargis; Third grade—Manley Kimball, Lawrence McAlister, Bernice Cash, Basil Henley; Second grade—Robert Paine, Rodney Cummings, Benjamin Dutton, Henry Kittredge.

School closed December 13 for a vacation of three weeks.

Pulp wood is being hauled from Chadbourne's lot near chalk pond in Albany.

Calvert Fullerton has been quite ill for the last few days.

In spite of cold weather and recent storms the road work between North Waterford and the Flat is progressing quite rapidly. The subsiding is being hauled from Chester Holt's gravel pit near the river. Spaulding Abbott, foreman of the work, and wife have a snug little cottage situated near the road.

P. E. Scribner and family moved to Norway for the winter.

Henry J. Holmes and family have moved to Norway where he has employment at the Chevrolet sales rooms.

Ernest Wentworth is working for Fred Littlefield.

Gladys Swan and son Lloyd are moving from Albany this week.

NORTH NEWRY

Schools in town closed last week for ten days Christmas vacation with a Christmas tree and entertainment at the Church Thursday evening by the "Head of Tide" and Branch schools. The Powers District had their tree and entertainment at the schoolhouse Friday evening. Santa Claus arrived at the church in time to assist in removing the presents from the tree which added to the merriment of the little folks.

Supt. Pomeroy and Rev. Wayne Ricker went to their respective homes for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Hanscom had their family all with them Sunday for dinner, and a Christmas tree in the afternoon.

The family Christmas tree at Fred Wight's was Tuesday night. L. E. Wight and family, Arnold Eames and family, Mrs. Abbie Littlehale, and M. A. Paine shared in the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Vail and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Rikhi went to Auburn Wednesday where they will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Richardson over the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis spent Christmas Day in Denmark.

Daniel Wight is at home from Massachusetts for Christmas. He will return to school New Year's Day.

WEST PARIS

Alton L. Day

Alton L. Day passed away Friday morning from a lingering illness of two or three years, death resulting from a paralytic shock which he suffered Nov. 16.

He was born on Curtis Hill, Woodstock, on the farm where he has always lived, the son of Daniel and Martha Powers Day, Aug. 26, 1870. He married Ella F. Swan of Greenwood, who survives him, with their three daughters, Mrs. Lillian Doughty, Mrs. Lula Newell, Miss Lettie Day; also a nephew, Guy Emery of Bryant Pond; a brother, Alden Day of Oxford; and nephews and nieces. He was a member of Franklin Grange, Bryant Pond.

The funeral was held from the Universalist Church Sunday afternoon, Rev. E. B. Forbes officiating. Franklin Grange attended in a body. Interment was in the Wayside Cemetery, West Paris.

The Union Christmas Concert at the Universalist Church was very largely attended, the church filled to its capacity. A very excellent program was given.

Tuesday evening there was a very large attendance at the Universalist Sunday School supper, Christmas tree and entertainment.

Ellen L. Stearns is at home from Arlington, Mass.

SONGO POND

Sunday callers at Leonard Kimball's were Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cross of Bethel, Albert Kimball and family and Floyd Kimball and family.

Leslie Kimball has bought another horse to pair with his gray one.

A. B. Kimball was in Augusta on business, recently.

Stanley Lapham is still on the gain.

Those who attended the movies at Bethel Friday night from here were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lapham, Mrs. Mae Cash, Hollis Grindle and Don Childs.

Arthur Kimball took a crowd of school children to Hunt's corner for the supper, program and Xmas tree, Saturday night.

The Songo Pond school had their program and Xmas tree Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner Kimball and daughter (by expect to have Christmas dinner with Mr. Kimball's son Floyd Kimball and family of West Bethel.

Abner Kimball butchered a large hog recently.

Born

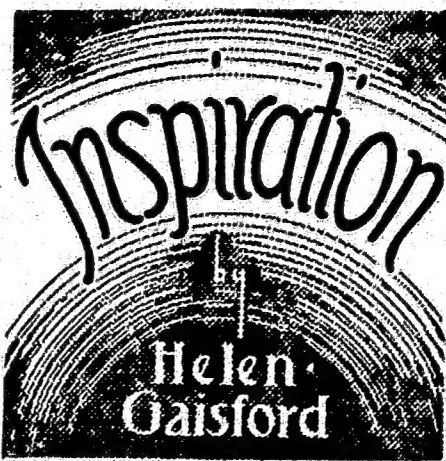
In Bethel, Dec. 21, to the wife of Verne S. Corkum, a son, Verne Stanley, Jr.

In Mason, Dec. 23, to the wife of Herman Merrill of Bethel, a daughter.

Died

In Weeks Mills, Dec. 17, Mrs. Etta Wilbur Gulliver, aged 71 years.

In Woodstock, Dec. 20, Alton L. Day, aged 65 years.



MRS. MCCREERY swept the snow from the steps of her boarding house with vicious strokes, all the time keeping up a stream of grumbled protests about everything in general.

"A fine start for a New Year. Work, work, work, same as last! Hang that confetti, how it sticks! What is there to life, anyway? Work all day, and half the night, and for what? What difference does it make that I'm alive? Nobody cares. What do I do that's worth while? Nothing! Might just as well be dead."

She had come to the end of the walk, and now she knocked the snow off her broom and turned back. "And I thought once that some day I'd be a great lady."

All morning Mrs. McCrery spent in a maze of abuse and self-pity, but when lunch time came she thought herself of Dora Pike, third floor back. "Poor chick," she thought, "no work yet. I'd better fix her up a bite to eat." She set a tray and covered it with a clean napkin.

"Shame on me," she went on, as she climbed the stairs, "grumbling at my work, when that poor girl would give her arm for a job. Guess she isn't everything she would like to be either, but she doesn't go around howling like a calf. She's



"Me?" "Yes, I was feeling sorry for myself."

an inspiration, that's what she is, and this coming year I'm going to try to be more her way. If I had to put up with what she has to, maybe I'd have some right to mope and complain."

She paused, panting, and then knocked. "Here's just a bite—" she began, as the door opened. "Why, what's the matter?"

Dora Pike's eyes were red with weeping, and now they brimmed again. "Oh, it's you, Mrs. McCrery! Come in," she said. "I'm in a bit of a funk," she apologized, "what with New Year's, and all. In fact, I would have ended it, if it hadn't been for thinking of you."

"Me?"

"Yes, I was feeling sorry for myself not having any work, and so on, and then I thought of you and how brave you are about all the things you do have to do, that I was right ashamed of myself. But I don't know what I might not have done, if there hadn't been you to think about."

"Well, dearie," said Mrs. McCrery, as she gathered the girl in her arms, "maybe that's what we're here for, darlin'."

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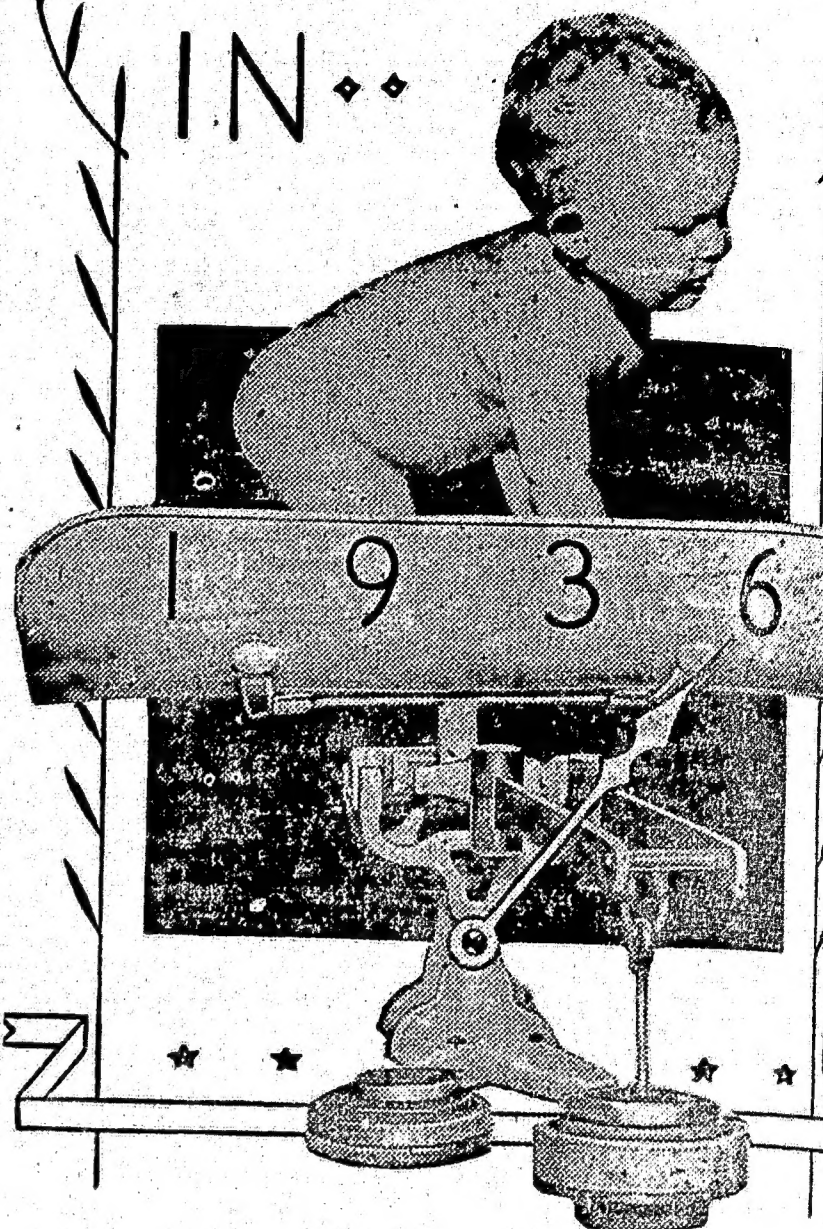
Now is a good time to take a farm inventory.

NOW

is the time to have an
AUTOMOBILE RADIO
INSTALLED
Popular Prices

CROCKETT'S GARAGE
Phone 101 Bethel, Me.

WEIGHING IN



CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Rev. Herbert T. Wallace, Minister
Sunday, December 29th
9.30 a. m. Sunday School.

11.00 a. m. Morning worship.
Sermon subject, "Going and Coming." The Junior Guild will again supply the musical service.

A Sunday by Sunday record of our total attendance at the morning service has been faithfully kept by our Church ushers for the Commission on Church Attendance of the Congregational General Council. Sunday will add the last figures for the year 1935. How many of us would like to give our total a real boost next Sunday and close the old year in an earnest and worthy way.

A happy and prosperous New Year to us all!

METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. P. J. Clifford, Minister
9.45 Sunday School.
11.00 Morning Worship.
6.30 Epworth League.
7.30 Evening Service.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Services Sunday morning at 10.45.

"Christian Science" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon that will be read in all churches of Christ. Scientist, on Sunday, Dec. 29.

The Golden Text is: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee" (Isaiah 60:1).

Among the quotations from the Bible is the following: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matthew 5:16).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes the following passage from the Christian Science textbook: "Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy:

Odeon Hall, Bethel Admission Children, 20c Adults
Show Starts at 8:10

FRI.-SAT., DEC. 27-28

GET EXCITED! HERE THEY COME! In a gay, glad, glorious romance with five great hit songs... LISTEN!... "Top Hat, Tie and Tails," "The Piccolino," "No Strings," "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" "Check to Check." Scenes of lavish beauty... and lovely girls enough to send you home a nervous wreck!

FRED ASTAIRE

GINGER ROGERS

TOP HAT

Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN

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THE BETHEL N

Volume XLI

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Psychiatrists

Statesmen

30 Lands

by WILLIAM C. UT

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BETHEL OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

THE BETHEL NEWS, 1935

Magazine Section

THE RUMFORD CITIZEN, 1936

Volume XLI Number 38

BETHEL, ME., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1935

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Whole Nations Go Mad—Then Go to War

Psychiatrists Warn Statesmen of 30 Lands

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

WHOLE nations go mad, and in their madness they go to war. They are moved to terrible deeds with terrible consequences by powerful forces of suggestive propaganda at the hands of leaders who are themselves mentally out of balance. Only mental hygiene, universal and ceaseless in application, can save mankind from the horror of degradation of war and, in the end, military science advances, utter extinction.

This is the ominous warning in a document sent to the members of the world by the commission on war prophylaxis of the Inter-Allied Medical Association, signed by 339 prominent psychiatrists of 30 nations. It was a stern reiteration, scientifically based, of the old maxim that might is mightier than the sword. Suggestion is more powerful than sound logic in its influence on the instincts inherited from the caverns of the past.

The danger which confronts the world now was named by Prof. James, noted psychiatrist, at a medical meeting in London. There are at the present time individuals holding prominent positions and influencing the destinies of whole countries who are known to be mentally unstable or who have actually had attacks of mental disorder.

People are excited by the fire of emotion of unbalanced, but powerful, personalities, and by the inspired speeches of public men until they themselves are carried away. Then, only then, are they capable of acts which, if they were in a normal state, would shock and fill them with loathing.

Even in this advanced age of civilization man still possesses where in him that dangerous instinct to destroy and kill. When he believes their community is in danger of being attacked or is being wronged by another community, his instincts break loose. In a time of war, such instincts are regarded upon as heroic and are rewarded. Speeches urging that "Save the world for democracy!" "Down with the enemy!" and similar catch lines, can excite such nations emotionally out of control. They can make a man who wouldn't hurt a fly, ordinarily, ready to run a bayonet through the man with the greatest satisfaction and with the knowledge that he is actually to be condoned for such an act.

Force is enormous. The suggestive force of speeches by statesmen is enormous, and may be dangerous, is the psychiatric conclusion. "The warlike man is so easily aroused by the cry that the country is in danger, is so easily carried away, is so easily to be bridled, as was evident in the catch phrase or a slogan shout. A great leader can do more to bring a nation up in arms than the systematic recruiting and the approach to sense of duty

can hope to do. Recall "54-40 or fight!" "They shall not pass!" Even the sand-lot baseball game provides a parallel. A pitcher who has hurled a beautiful ball game allows a man or two to get to base, and, although the spectators know he probably has control of the situation, a solitary heckler unstable in his logic and poor in his judgment, starts crying, "Take him out! Take him out!" Soon the cry roars forth with the mighty volume of the entire crowd—who really know better—and the pitcher actually does get "rattled" and "blows up."

Great leaders are often suffering

thought of war. Let public opinion once reach a certain lightning pitch and no ruler can withstand it."

You can test yourself on your inherited love for fighting. Get a pencil right now and write the names of the ten men you consider outstanding in the world's history. Now look them over. How many of them are—or were—fighters?

The inborn instinct for war is not impossible of control, however, says science. Dr. John M. Fletcher, professor of psychology at Tulane university, was given some light on this subject in the answers to a question he put to members of the

warlike spirit, not to stir it up by propaganda. And how a clever propagandist can stir it up, say the psychiatrists. Why cannot it be used to destroy war?

"Publicity is replacing powder in settling international difficulties," said Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford university and former secretary of the Interior. "And publicity means attacks through and upon the mind."

"More Fatal Than Bullets." "War is an old, well-established and emotional state, often artificially created, which will carry individuals and groups of people

propaganda their business are real artists. But they have their art which if they are known by their victims, would make propaganda much more easily recognizable.

The rules may be summed up in this manner:

- (a) Avoid local argument, and appeal to emotion alone.
- (b) Always fit the situation into a pattern of "we" versus "the enemy."
- (c) Reach entire groups as well as individual persons.
- (d) Keep hidden the source of the propaganda.

The "fighting spirit" in itself is not something to be deplored. It is only potentially bad. Actually it is an American tradition and the spur to progress and activity. But like criticism, it can be destructive or constructive. The great opportunity awaiting science—and government—is that of putting such a vital force to admirable use.

Values Military Training.

Professor James believes that martial training has its virtue, and does not necessarily have to have war as its objective. He would like to end wars, but believes something can be saved out of them.

His plans along this line cannot help calling to mind the Civilian Conservation corps. For he would like to see young men drilled to develop their strength, their courage, their manhood. No digging of trenches to train them in the art of killing their fellow men. Rather let them dig ditches. The sweat and the muscle is there, and the discipline can be, but the violence, the degradation are missing. This force, says Professor James, would be applied to man's battle against nature, not against his neighbor.

He sums up his own idea:

"Instead of military conscription let us have a conscription of the whole youthful populations to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against nature."

"To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers would our glided youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas."

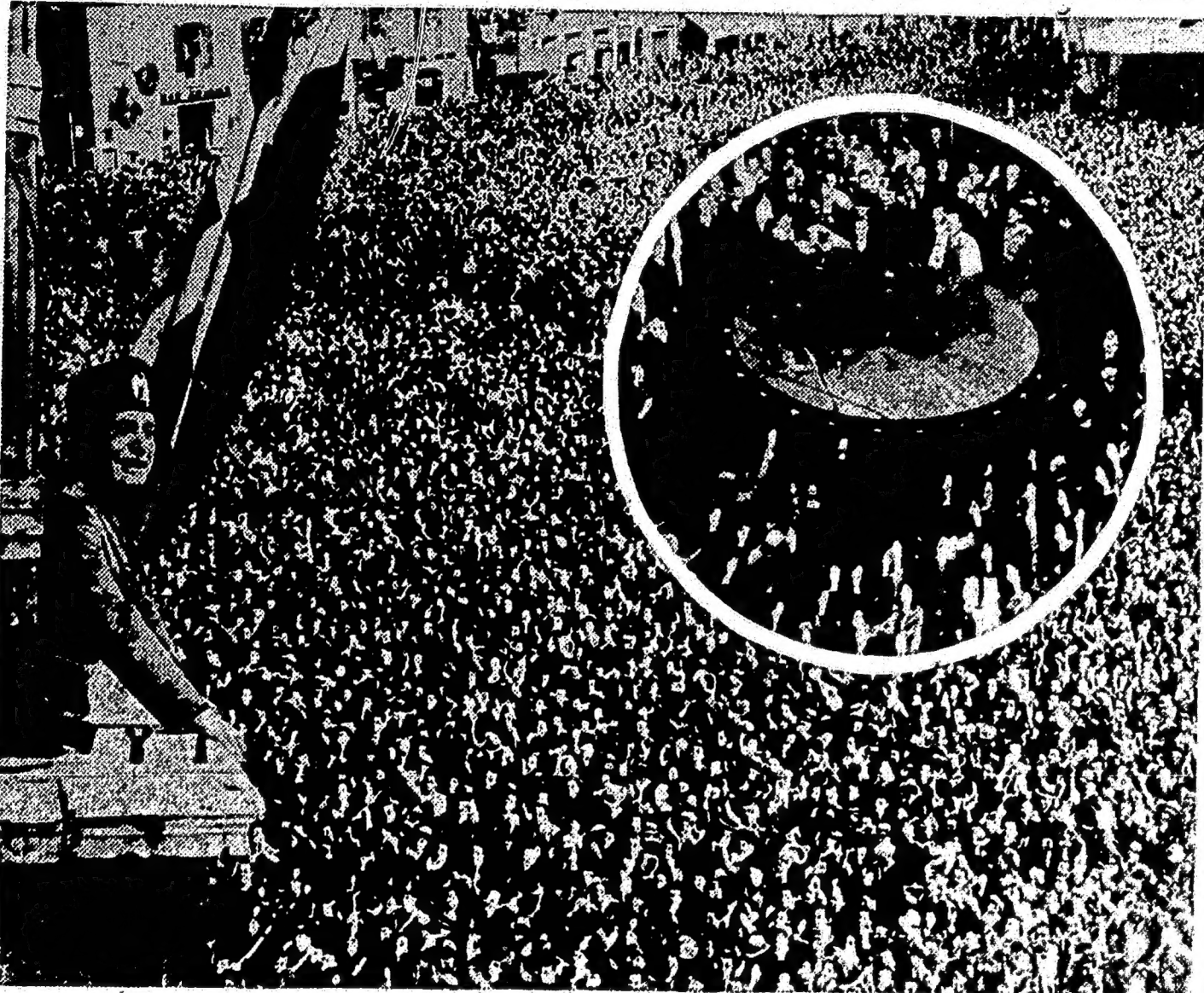
"The martial type of character can be without war. Strenuous honor and disinterestedness abound elsewhere. Priests and medical men are in a fashion educated to it."

"Let our young men go to war against flood, earthquake, famine, wind, pestilence and ignorance. Let them go into a scientific war."

How long it will be before government can be persuaded to take up the cause of mental hygiene as the only sure way of saving mankind from war is a question to which hardly anyone would be willing to guess the answer. Certainly not very soon, with conditions what they are in Europe and the Far East.

Individual effort can help. If only everybody would STOP TO THINK. That is the psychiatrist's answer. Then mentally unbalanced leaders would lose their sting.

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Mussolini (left) and Hitler, addressing vast throngs, give evidence that great masses of people are carried away mentally and emotionally by public speeches.

from suppressed fears or hates or unconscious desires for power. These emotions may cause them to believe that their countries are threatened by danger from other countries and that they must lead their peoples to protect themselves. They may be totally unbalanced, but the flame inside empowers them to sway entire populations from the norm.

These leaders don't for a minute fool the psychiatrists, who say:

"Our science is sufficiently advanced for us to distinguish between real, pretended and unconscious motives, even in statesmen. The desire to distinguish national militarism by continual talk about peace will not protect leaders from the judgment of history. The secret promoters of militarism are responsible for the misery a new war is sure to bring."

All of us have the warlike instinct. It is only when we are swayed into losing control of it that we make war. Professor James says:

Need Control of Instinct.

"We inherit the warlike type. . . Our ancestors have bred pugnacity into our bone and marrow, and thousands of years of peace won't breed it out of us. The public imagination fairly fattens on the

American Psychological Association. This was the question:

"Do you as a psychologist hold that there are present in human nature ineradicable, instinctive factors that make war between nations inevitable?"

Of the 528 members of the association 378 answered. Three hundred and forty-six responded with an unqualified NO. Only 10 said YES. There were 22 indefinite answers.

Co-operation Called Solution.

"Primitive man fought over roots and berries; we over markets," said Dr. S. M. Ritter, whose teachings in psychology are known in America and China. "Co-operation, founded on equally innate sympathy and gregariousness, seems a possible solution—when leaders are sane."

"Positively not," said Dr. A. S. Otis. "Any one who thinks so is densely ignorant of political affairs. Wars are artificial, commercial, strategic, political, trumped-up and forced upon us."

And Dr. Adolf Meyer, Johns Hopkins university psychiatrist, said: "The abolition of duels in Anglo-Saxon society is a striking and suggestive fact worth remembering."

The only solution of the problem of how to end war is to restrain

through degradation and misery almost without limit, and yet in war we have found that propaganda is more fatal than bullets.

"Propaganda, organized, played a large part in the last great war, and organized propaganda is now on its way in case there should be another great war."

"World control must come, not through the mass of soldiering of men, but through the minds of men, so that mental hygiene, sound thinking, the control of the emotions, becomes the outstanding problem of the world today."

Often it is important to the cause of the propagandist that the source of information in an account be played down or even omitted entirely. Doctor Wilbur warns that when you feel yourself becoming excited by a statement or a news story or a magazine article, you should check it for the source of its information. If you have trouble finding it or cannot find it at all, there is ground for suspicion; you should take time to think it over and weigh its arguments carefully. Above all, don't hurry about taking its suggestions.

In reading accounts of this kind it is well to keep in mind that propaganda has been developed as an art, and the men who make

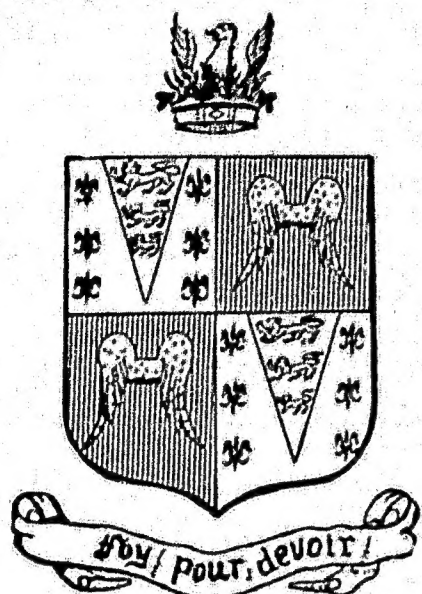
Who Are You? The Romance of Your Name

By RUBY HASKINS ELLIS

A Seymour?

THIS name was originally taken from a Norman knight, who lived in the Thirteenth century. Sir William St. Maur and the House of Seymour in America descends through the grandson of this ancestor, Roger de St. Maur, who was lord of Penlow and Wundy, in England.

John Seymour of Wolf Hall in Wiltshire, sheriff of the county in the reign of Henry VII, married



Seymour

the daughter of Sir Henry Darel of Littlecote, County Wiltshire. It was their eldest son who was knighted by King Henry on the field of battle for gallant conduct as one of the commanders of the king's forces against the Cornish rebels at Blackheath. Later on, for his unusual prowess at the famous "Battle of the Spurs," he was made a Knight Banneret by King Henry VIII. He attended the king at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," where the meeting of Henry and Francis I took place, an incident so famous in English history. He also attended the king at Canterbury, when Emperor Charles V was received in England.

John Seymour married Margaret Wentworth, daughter of Sir Henry Wentworth, who claimed descent from a great many medieval dynasties of Europe. Their son, Edward, became a powerful noble and Lord Protector of England. His rise to fame was meteoric; knights in 1523, created Viscount Beauchamp; governor and captain of the Isle of Jersey; chancellor and chamberlain of North Wales; in 1537 created earl of Hertford and later, Knight of the Garter.

His great-grandson, Richard Seymour, came to America, settled in Hartford, Conn., where he immediately became active in the affairs of the colonies. He was a founder of Norfolk, Conn.

Most of the Seymours in this country can trace to this Richard and thus back to the English family.

A Worrall?

THE earliest ancestor of the Worrall family was Sir Hubert de Warel, lord of Arles in Provence, and several of his sons were with William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings. Three of them were killed in battle and the conqueror granted the coat of arms to Hubert for his heroism and also conveyed to him large tracts of land in the Counties of Durham and Northumberland, England. Here he erected a palatial residence. His name is to be found in the Domesday Book, that immortal English document which contains the names of all the early feudal titleholders.

Ralph de Warel, youngest son of Hubert, succeeded to the estate and founded the Monastery of Blackburn.

Sir William de Warel was active in the Crusades to the Holy Land with Richard the Lion-Hearted. His only son, Rudiger, had estates in France. He was interred in the Monastery of Arles.

After the time of Sir William de Warel the name was changed to



Worrall

"Wierell," then "Worrell," and finally "Worrall," which is in general use today.

The first settler in America of the family of Worrall was John, who came with the party of William Penn and made their homes in Pennsylvania. Descendants of John went to Maryland, Delaware and Virginia, but many of them still reside on land granted them by William Penn.

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TOPNOTCHERS by KET



Capt. Albert W. Stevens, Commander

Capt. Orville Anderson, Pilot

These two American Army fliers, by their daring adventure, established a new World's Altitude Record.

SHE KNOWS HER CUE



This is Ruth Harvey of Los Angeles, Calif., who defeated Irene Hummel and Hilda Stowell in a round robin at the women's national amateur pocket billiards championship tourney in Chicago.

Murder or Merciful Sleep

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

The victim of a serious accident in which death by drowning was inevitable, begged the attending physician to administer a drug which would cause immediate death. The physician complied with the request. In a moment all was over. The man had been saved the agony of drowning.

In one of our large eastern cities a young woman was hopelessly crippled as the result of an auto accident. The surgeon declared there was no possible chance of recovery. The young woman was in constant pain and pleaded for the relief of some drug to cause her to pass on. She had no means of taking her own life and, rather, recoiled from the idea. Yet she pleaded for the mercy of an administered death.

In every community there are persons who are tortured with pain due to incurable diseases or accident beyond hope of cure. Should life for such persons be ended through the administration of drugs which cause a merciful death? A child is born with an abnormal or a subnormal development. Will it always remain the victim of certain mental aberrations. What is the duty of the attending physician in these cases? Sterilization of the degenerate was for many years tabooed. Legislators would not even give matter respectful consideration. Many states today, not only sterilization legal but popular opinion urges it as a necessary remedy for some of the social ills. The time comes when our state legislature will differentiate between murder and euthanasia, a means of producing painless death?

Is it more merciful to let a person pass on, if he so desires, than to allow him to die slowly from the ravages of an incurable disease? The writer only raises the question and leaves the reader to furnish the answer. However, in reaching a decision we are met with the necessity of choosing between equally undesirable alternatives. We pause before the inexorable law: "Thou shalt not kill." We believe where there is life, there is hope, regardless of the opinion attending physicians. We put death an animal suffering with pain when no cure is possible. Not so would in some states be considered an act of cruelty to humans. Has humanity any less regard upon that act of mercy known as euthanasia? What does the reader think?

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A Hole in One

By DAPHNE A. McVICKER

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IT WAS one of those parties. Jake had dully suspected it when the boss had asked him, "Why don't you come out to the house this afternoon? My wife and daughter are having a gang of young people."

It sounded simple. But Jake knew with every fibre of his long lazy six feet of weary muscle, that it would mean exercise. Tramping a thousand miles over the hills, romping through the woods, playing croquet, or tennis, or, worst of all, that armchair hero's dread, golf. There would be girls, but they would not be dressed like girls. They would wear shorts, or pajamas, or trousers. They would be bursting with energy.

So he dreaded what he would find when he decked his long legs in appropriate white flannels with a tiny gray stripe and pulled on a blue flannel coat. He peered anxiously out from the cupped depths of his scarlet roadster and sighed with relief. He saw some big hats and long dresses. That was reassuring.

But he had scarcely added over his hostess' hand and saluted her tow-headed daughter when a screaming contingent bore down upon him.

"Tennis!" they shouted. "We need another man. Introduce us, Natalie. Bring him on, quickly." Jake seized Natalie's hand in despair. "No tennis," he implored. "See—I've got a broken leg. I've got two broken legs. Honest I have."

Natalie peered down at them gravely. "Well, so you have!" she exclaimed. "How brave of you to come to my party. And I have just the person to console you. Over here in the wicker chair. She won't stir and I've needed some one to entertain her. Come along." She placed a sustaining arm under Jake's and led him across the green velvet lawn—straight to his doom.

It was a very lovely doom. It sat upright in an hourglass chair. Wide, billowing skirts of some soft violet fabric floated about her and one great, green, crushed velvet flower marked the fullness of her waist. A drooping hat of rough violet straw dipped about hair that was the color of strained honey.

"Rosemary," Natalie said, "let me present Jake Burns. Jake, this is Rosemary Stewart. Darling, Jake has two broken legs and he wants comfort and consolation."

You said you wouldn't stir out of this chair until sundown, so here he is. Treat him gently."

The violet eyes darted a look at Natalie that was very nearly venomous, and deeply meaning. Then they were lowered before the frank admiration in Jake's for once wide awake brown eyes, and a low, lovely voice spoke.

"How dreadful about your wounds," she said softly. "Won't you pull up a chair and tell me about them?"

The afternoon waned but still the pair sat on—a man and a girl caught in the web that is woven only once—talking, talking. Trying to crowd into one afternoon the confidence of a lifetime.

Natalie came at last and spoke to them perily. "We're getting a couple of Salut Bernards ready," she confided. "What flavor do you like your hot soup—chocolate, or vanilla?"

Rosemary sprang up with a cry. "Heavens," she said. "How perfectly awful! And I had a very important engagement at seven."

Jake rose too, but his eyes held hers. "Very important?" he asked. She shook her head. "Not so very."

She would not let him see her home but consented to an engagement for the following afternoon. The roadster made time of its own and Jake pulled it up before the long low brick house at last, his heart beating in an extraordinary fashion for the heart of a lazy man. Then his mouth flew open.

She had come down the steps to meet him. She wore a blue skirt buttoned down the front over a shorts suit that framed her face with a sailor collar banded in bright yellow. She wore a blue and yellow knitted toboggan cap—and she carried a bag of golf clubs.

"Hello," she said joyously, and at the sound of her voice Jake's heart stopped completely. When it resumed again, it pounded under the bag of clubs that he had seized. It had happened. Tennis—golf. Jake would never be a stranger to them again.

"But why," he asked her later, "did you stay in the chair all afternoon?"

She gurgled. "I had a hole in one," she said. And then, laughing at his incomprehending face: "Don't you know who I am? I'm

Trace Origin of Bricks to as Far as 1500 B.

Bricklayers boast that our bricks are the first perfectly proportioned bricks in the world, but they are wrong. "The perfect brick" exists at least 1,500 years before Christ, as has been revealed by excavations at Mohenjo-Daro in India, says the Washington Post.

Made by an ancient race who inhabited India long before the Aryans overran the country in B. C., these bricks were almost exactly like those we use today. The ancients knew how to construct houses of two or more stories, they, too.

Knowing nothing of iron or bronze, these people made utensils and implements of copper.

Most surprising of all, however, is the fact this ancient race used the decimal system in their weights and measures. This was proved by the discovery of a scale and a pile of stone weights made in multiples of two and five.

Eve's Epigrams



A Miss is as good as her smile.

CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By Robert Ames Bennet

Copyright by Robert Ames Bennet

SYNOPSIS

As Alan Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lillith; and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the three offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to his samples of platinum-bearing rock as nearly "worthless." Lillith, a product of the jazz age, mainly shows her contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Garth, and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly worthless, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a chance in investing a small amount. Sensing treachery, Garth secretly removes a part of the plane's motor. Huxby and Lillith taunt Garth with his "gullibility," but their tone changes when they try to start the crippled plane. Turning to shore they try to force Garth to give up the missing part. Garth manages to set the monoplane aloft and the current carries it over the falls. He points out to the enraptured trio that he is their only hope, guiding them out of the wilderness. Garth begins the work of preparing for the long journey. He insists that the others help. Ramill and his daughter must be hardened to the hardships ahead in their long trek to the outpost on the Mackenzie. Returning from a long trip in the woods, Garth finds the plane has stolen the tea and sugar and has been saving for emergencies. He makes no objection, simply pointing out that he is accustomed to a meat diet, and that they are getting ready for the trip. Huxby refuses to help, and sticks on the mining claim. The long journey begins. They reach the camp, where a halt is called.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

The girl showed the whisky flask she had left in her father's bag. It was full of fly dope—spruce which mixed with caribou tallow. She put the flask into her foxskin bag, along with the pouches of tea and sugar.

Mr. Ramill was already walking. Garth had made a tump-line for a pack. As he fitted the band across his forehead and stood up, he glanced over his shoulder at the girl.

She turned and met his glance. Her lips curled in their old scornful smile. "What are you waiting for? Aren't we ever to get out of this beastly valley?"

He started off without any reply but with a glow of exultance under his outward show of indifference. Lillith Ramill thought she was out to escape from the Wild. He had promised to guide them to the Mackenzie. The probabilities were now in favor of even her father making it. The girl would go back to what she called civilization—to luxury and self-indulgence, to jazz and nightclubs—the rapid pursuit of sensation.

Yet a part of her would linger behind in this lost valley of the isolated subarctic Rockies. She had eaten of wild meat; she had felt the tang of smoke from a first friend, the camp fire. She had come face to face with the primitive—and had lived it.

Fortunately, she had already seen hard. Now she was fit. Under the smear of mosquito dope, the eyes had smoothed from her face.

As Garth overtook the girl's father, he eyed him with a smaller yet less genuine satisfaction. For every pound gained by the daughter, the father had been rid of three more.

Garth himself swung briskly ahead. So far, nothing had been said to Huxby about the cache cave in the ice tunnel of the glacier. He knew only that the caribou carcasses had been put on ice. The one thing of which Garth was most certain regarding the engineer was that he would never

give over trying to get the platinum placer until every possible scheme had been bailed. Mr. Ramill might quit. He already possessed a fortune.

But Huxby was still a relatively poor man, and he had now made certain that the placer was worth at least a million dollars. Behind his polished front, he was no less unscrupulous than his millionaire partner, and he was absolutely coldblooded.

Lillith made the last climb to Garth without effort. But Huxby plodded up almost as winded as Mr. Ramill. He lowered from his shoulders the small but heavy load in his wolfskin knapsack. The chunks of frozen caribou meat beside the bulky blanket-wrapped bundle on Garth's packboard drew his displeased attention.

"You can't expect me to carry any of that venison. I'm no pack jack of the woods. Forty pounds is quite enough to suit me."

Garth hefted the wolfskin sack. "My guess is forty-five. Figuring roughly, that makes forty-one troy pounds, or four, ninety-two troy ounces. Call it five hundred even. Platinum is around sixty dollars an ounce troy. The values of the alloy will average at least thirty. That gives us a total of say, fifteen thousand dollars. Not so bad for a few days' panning."

Huxby's face showed that this was no news to him. For all his cool self-control, his fingers clutched tight hold of the wolfskin as he drew it out of Garth's careless grasp.

Though Garth smiled at the engineer's betrayal of cupidry, he took note of it as an additional warning. Garth's sideward glance caught an amused twinkle in Mr. Ramill's shrewd eyes. The hard training had put the millionaire in better health than he probably had enjoyed for many years. Also, his mind was bigger and better poised than that of his prospective son-in-law. He could smile with Garth over Huxby's obsession—smile and put aside all thought of the placer until in a position to take it from its discoverer.

Lillith saw the situation from a still different angle. She opened the wolfskin sack to peer inside. At sight of the nodules, she dropped the flap, with a look of disgust.

"Worth only fifteen thousand dollars," she bantered her fiancé. "You've dug dirt all this time for a trifle like that, and lugged it all the way up here. Don't tell me you're so dumb that you plan to pack it for the weeks Alan says we'll need to get back to the Mackenzie!"

"With my blanket and the meat that's in it, I'm starting off with something like two hundred pounds," Garth said. "Game was scarce on the other side of the pass when I went out the other time. The weight of our metal in meat may be worth more than the fifteen thousand dollars. Let Huxby choose which he prefers to pack."

The engineer compromised by shoving one of the twenty-pound chunks of caribou meat in the sack, on top of the metal.

Garth backed up to his boulder-perched pack, slipped the tump-line over his forehead, and started up the great cleft as if his 200-pound pack weighed no more than Huxby's 65 pounds of meat and metal. He halted only when the other men were compelled to stop for breath. Huxby, though carrying a load only a third the weight of Garth's, had soon begun to strain and puff as hard as Mr. Ramill. In places the pitch of the glacier became too steep for ordinary climbing. Garth had to draw his belt-ax and chop foot holds. The last of these steep rises was far up towards the head of the pass.

The remaining distance to the summit was not so steep, and there

were no dangerous crevasses. Garth made the climb at a swinging pace. He was halfway down before he met Huxby plodding again upwards with Mr. Ramill. The engineer looked at him with cold-eyed rancor.

Mr. Ramill panted a wistful question: "Wh-when—do we—eat?"

"At the top. Take your time," Lillith had chosen to wait for Garth down where he had left them all. His pack lay on the snow below the boulder upon which he had set it. She pointed her slender finger at the fallen bundle.

"I tried to find out if you were lying about the weight. I couldn't even lift one end. But you see how the top of the stone slopes. The beastly thing slid off."

"That's all right, Miss Ramill. Easy enough to up-end it again."

"Easy!" Her blue eyes glowed with an odd light. "You carried Dad back to camp that day. But it was down-hill. Now—to pack this frightful load all the way up here! Alan Garth, you're a man!"

"Well, it's a bit of a stiff pull-up," he admitted. "But we'll soon make the downslope. I left the knife on the knapsack. Go up and slice that caribou meat."

The girl whom her own father could not command met the order with a cheerful nod.

The pass was barren even of caribou moss. The meat had to be eaten cold or uncooked, or not at



"Alan Garth, You're a Man"

all. Six hours had passed since the party left the camp in the valley bottom. After the long, hard climb, even the girl was hungry enough to have eaten rawhide.

Less than half of the 20-pound chunk of caribou remained by the time even Mr. Ramill found he could eat no more.

All were so refreshed by the food and rest that no one objected when Garth gave the word to start on. There would be no more slogging up-hill, with lungs bellowing for air. One would only have to hold back.

But that was the rub—the holding back. The south side of the pass was far steeper than the north, and there was no glacier to offer stretches of smooth footing.

Garth himself was ready to quit when, in the twilight, they came down to where the steep pitch eased off on a small patch of tundra. He opened his pack and spread the blanket on the dry gravel in a hole under a pile of boulders.

At sight of the fat with the frozen caribou and smoked moose meat in the pack, Lillith at once gathered dry moss. This time she

raw caribou flesh was seared over a fat-fed fire of the moss before being eaten. After the meal, Garth opened the gold-mounted cigar case and handed one of the Havanas to its owner.

Mr. Ramill hastily bit off the end and lighted the cigar in the flame of the fat and moss fire. As he put it to his lips he hesitated, then, with a perceptible effort he turned to offer it to his daughter.

"Uh—ladies first, my dear."

Lillith started to thrust out her hand. Something seemed to catch it. She glanced at Garth and stood up. "You need it more than I do, Dad. Good night, everybody. I'm dog tired."

Her father and Huxby looked at each other in astonishment. Garth was less surprised. He smiled to himself as he put more moss and fat on the fire and coiled up beside it.

Before sunrise, Garth was again awake. He filled the little pot with ice and set it in the edge of the rebuilt fire, then began cooking caribou meat. The others awakened almost too stiff to move. But all managed another big meal of the meat. To top it off, Garth had Lillith boil a little tea in the water from the melted ice.

After the hot drink, even Mr. Ramill managed to hobble down the now fairly easy slope. The exercise gradually warmed and relaxed stiffened muscles.

The end of a long day's hike at last brought the party down the miles of tundra slopes to the edge of timberline.

Garth predicted they would reach canoe water on the seventh day. But during that morning Mr. Ramill turned an ankle. Even after much soaking in a cold spring and tight bandaging by Garth, the sprain held the millionaire down to a slow hobble. An aspen staff enabled him to travel slowly until the noon meal. After that the pain overcame him. He refused to move.

Garth looked doubtfully at the none too large supply of food that was left. His pack now weighed little more than the platinum alloy in Huxby's wolfskin knapsack.

"If you can't carry on, Mr. Ramill, you'll have to stay here and keep bathing your ankle in this rill," he said. "We're too short of food, though, to lose any time. The stand of birch at the stream is so small that I'll need a full three days to build our canoe. The three of you follow down this brook as soon as you can."

When he picked up a few pieces of meat and his rifle, Huxby spoke: "I should have the gun to protect Miss Ramill."

"There's nothing here to attack you," Garth replied. "Just possibly, I may find game at the stream."

"Could another pair of hands be helpful in making the canoe?" Lillith asked.

"Well—yes."

The girl looked at Huxby. He did not speak or move. She stood up. "Dad, you'll be all right with Vivian. I am going to help Alan."

Her father shook his head. "You should stay here with me. Let Vivian go."

Huxby rose, frowning. He looked at Garth with cold rancor. "I see no need for anyone to go. I certainly cannot permit my fiancée to accompany you."

"She might have helped. You'd be only a hindrance," Garth replied.

He swung away at a rapid pace. But behind him he heard the girl speak sharply: "Don't be silly, Vivian. Get out of my way."

After that came a quick patter of moccasins. Garth kept on for some distance as if he did not hear the sound. Then he halted behind an alder thicket to face the girl. She was so close behind that she almost ran into him. He smiled into her eager eyes.

"This is a happy surprise, Lillith."

Her eyelids sank, and her cheeks crimsoned under their coat of pitch-and-grease mosquito dope. "You needn't fancy I'm running after you. It's—It's only because I want to get out of this beastly North country

of yours—and be rid of you, too!"

"So, that's it. Well, you're a good hater, but you're a real sport. You're game. Tag along, if you wish."

At the edge of the swamp he stopped beside a game trail. Lillith came up beside him, breathing deeply from the long and rapid walk. He pointed to the big water-filled hoof prints in the mud.

"We may be in luck. Moose passed here yesterday—the water is clear in the tracks. They may not have gone too far. Stay here, or be quiet."

An upturned leaf showed that the wind was in his favor. He started along the trail. The tracks were still a day old when they turned out into the muskeg toward a lily pool.

Garth skirted on along the border of the swamp to where a bend of the stream twisted in close to dry ground. Here was the grove of birch of which he had spoken. He pointed to the fringe of willows below the birch.

Those bitten twigs—still white. They've been eaten off less than an hour ago. Stay here."

After another test of the wind, he went ahead alone, silent as a lynx. Luck was with him. As he rounded the bend he saw the immense antlers of an old bull moose rise above the willows on the bank. Before the startled beast could plunge into the water Garth dropped him with a bullet through the brain.

At the crash of the shot, three moose cows with calves broke cover beyond the bull. The distance was considerable and brush obscured Garth's aim. He had to shoot four times to bring down one cow and her calf. But that was enough.

His shout brought Lillith on the run. She looked delightedly at the bull. "Oh, no chance now of starving!"

"That's not all," he said. "I can build a hide canoe in two days; a better one than can be made from those small birches."

When, a day later, Mr. Ramill came limping after Huxby to the smoke-marked camp, Lillith was still hanging moose meat on alder poles over the smudge-fire.

Huxby dropped his full-stuffed knapsack and wiped his sweaty forehead with the back of his hand.

"Dad! To think I've lugged all that old meat, and he's killed again. Why didn't he come back and tell me?"

The girl gave him an odd glance. "We've been too busy, old dear. Where's the blanket?"

"I couldn't pack everything. If I'd known, I could have left this confounded smoked moose and brought the blanket instead."

"Why not have left your load of meat? Didn't you consider that Dad and I will get far more than fifteen thousand dollars' worth of comfort out of that blanket?"

His lips tightened. "Sorry, darling. The thought of a common dirty blanket as against all the platinum—I did not even think of it. Now of course I realize. But it's too late."

"Yes," she agreed, "it's too late. Dad, you were a real sport not to wait for Alan to come back and carry you."

The millionaire had slumped down to rub his swollen ankle. He looked up at Huxby, with a bantering smile. "We couldn't permit our girl to elope with a woods vagabond, could we, Vivian?"

The engineer did not smile. His face went blank. "Where is that roughneck, Lillith?"

"Down in the willows, working hard for us. Won't you be glad when we're rid of him?"

"Won't you?"

"Well, I'm not so sure as I was. At present he is far more agreeable company than you are."

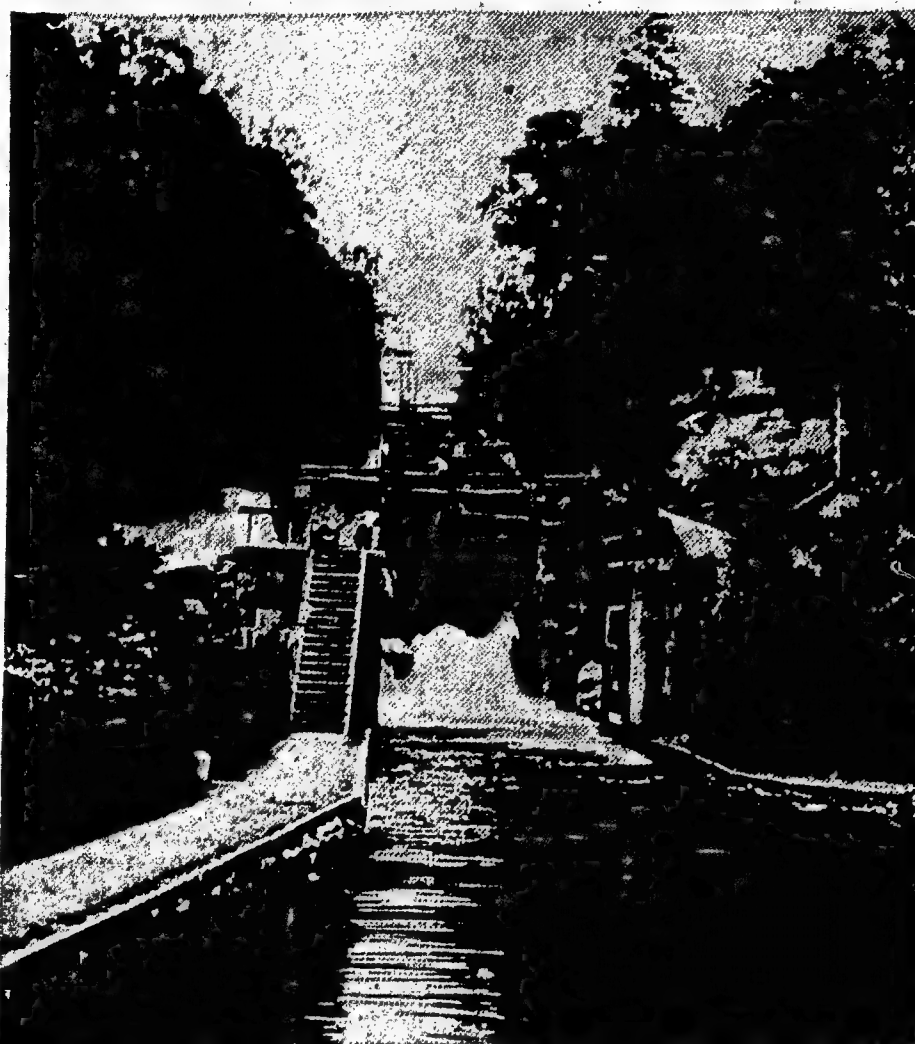
Huxby stiffened and went off towards the willows without any reply. Mr. Ramill peered up shrewdly at his daughter.

"That was pretty hard even from you, Lillith. Try to keep in mind how matters will stand as soon as we get out of this damnable mess."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PAGE OF READING FOR THE FAMILY

Life in Sweden



A Lock in the Gota Canal.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

"THIS is Sweden," says the peasant of Dalarna (Dalecarlia), as he looks out upon the rolling pastures and birch-clad hills of the province dear to him as life. "Our ways are changing, of course. The good old days are no more. But you may still find a handful of us Dalecarlians who go on living as our fathers lived, tilling the same soil, hewing timber in the forests for our houses, spinning wool and flax for our clothes, hammering out copper and iron from our mines for utensils and tools."

With quiet dignity he towers in the doorway of his home, into which his gracious "Valkommen" bids strangers enter. The wind plays with the wide brim that gives his black hat a quaintly solemn Puritan air. But against the weathered gray of log walls he is a vivid figure in his long, single-breasted blue coat, his yellow buckskin breeches, red-wool stockings tasseled at the knee, low hand-made shoes adorned with gleaming steel buckles.

Overhead, slender blades of grass of apple-green lightness shoot up from the sod of his thatched roof. Behind, framing the scene, stand silver trunks of stately birches, the graceful "white ladies" of the forests of central Sweden.

"We are a proud and independent people," he continues. "Sweden, as you know, has never submitted to alien rule. Only once, for a brief century and a quarter, Sweden joined Denmark and Norway in experimenting with a joint sovereignty. But we do not like the iron hand of our Danish kinsmen. "In the Stockholm 'Blood Bath' of 1520, King Christian II of Denmark beheaded more than 80 Swedish nobles, therewith sealing his own destiny. It was that act of tyranny which led young Gustavus Vasa, later king for 37 years, to rouse the strong men of Dalecarlia to the country's defense. So one of the most illustrious chapters of Swedish history has been written here."

The blue eyes glow with the fervor of conviction. There is a challenging ring in the sure, soft-spoken words. "Know Dalecarlia and you will know the very heart of Sweden."

But the landowner of Skone goes a step further. Within view of crumbling fortress or surviving splendor of medieval chateau, where lazy swans swim forgetfully in the

encircling moat, he halts in the shade of the wide-spreading beeches that line his fields of sugar beets or grain.

Traces of Ancient Civilization.

"The ice sheet slipped off this southern tip of the Scandinavian peninsula ten or fifteen thousand years ago," he begins. "Our scientists find traces of a civilization not unlike our own running back through seventy centuries and more. Our rune stones are not all deciphered; some of our Viking mounds are still unexplored. Not long ago we unearthed a grave from the Bronze age. Here in Skone"—lovingly he slurs the long o sound of the vowel a—"we turn up thousand-year-old traditions with our very plowshares!"

Were it not for his imperturbable poise, he might be off, at a signal, to search for the cradle, or one of the cradles of the human race. But quietly he turns instead to historical fact, as he would like to read it: "Once Skone was an independent kingdom in itself." . . . He checks his flow of words and, chuckling, adds: "Know Skone and you really do not need to know the rest of Sweden!"

In Stockholm the city-dweller, born into an atmosphere of Old world leisure and acquiring by choice the ultra-modern conveniences that mechanical genius contrives to our age, wanders out to enjoy the lustrous tranquility of one of the "white nights" of the northern summer.

He passes the magnificent willows of King's gardens and halts on Norrbo (north bridge) to listen to the singing, foamy waters under its span. It forms a link between the old "city between the bridges," with its medieval quaintness of narrow lanes, and the newer Stockholm, with its many public buildings impressively modern in design, which suggest something of the splendor that legend and history have cast over the age of the Renaissance.

Before him rises the facade of the house of parliament. "With the Socialists in the majority, things are in a bad way for our country," he reflects gloomily. But he catches the incongruity in his fears, too, as he faces the commanding simplicity of the massive royal palace. Within its walls, for more than a century, rulers of the Bernadotte line have held the reins of a limited monarchy, untouched by the terrors of revolution or the tumult of war. The quivering beauty of the ame-

thyst twilight, which before long will begin to throb with the glow of a ruby dawn, possesses his soul. And love for his capital city, of silvery waterways and emerald islands, conquers doubts.

"Courage to experiment with new forms of the changing social order, ranging widely from statecraft to architecture," he reflects, "and wisdom to direct these experiments, rooted firmly in past experience, toward evolutionary progress—something of that courage and that wisdom is the spirit of Stockholm, of Sweden, today."

In the Forest Land.

In the solitudes of the Norrland forests the frontiersman has swung his ax during the brief dusk that is high noon of the winter day. Throwing the logs on the ice-locked rivers, natural floating channels for the timber industry of the Far North, he waits for the release that comes with the thaw of spring.

Under his hand the primeval forest has almost vanished, but the regrowth of spruce and fir and pine is straight and tall. For several decades the Swedish state, stepping in to check indiscriminate waste of virgin forest, has been a zealous guardian of this its most important source of wealth.

By midsummer the rivers will have carried their cargo of logs, numbered by the millions, well down to sorting boom, near the mills, on the eastern coast, where the freighters lie in port. Hope sings in the lumberman's heart as, fascinated, he watches that silent trek of the logs toward the sea.

It is the season of light. On the upper reaches of the Norrland rivers the midnight sun blazes unrelentingly on glaciers and snow-capped peaks, converting them into rushing torrents and swift-surfing rapids. Modern industry steps in and in turn converts that tremendous natural force into "white coal" for the country.

Electricity is conquering the wilderness of the North. White coal, not black, feeds the trains that in unending procession haul ore to seaports from the huge mountains of iron in the Arctic regions.

The tempo of life quickens in the Far North. The frontiersman catches the rhythm of the whirl of wheels in sawmill, the roar of turbines in power plant, the click of steel rails in mountain tunnel.

"Ours are the riches of the future," he exults. "Here are iron-ore fields among the largest in all Europe. Outside of Finland, probably no other European country has such a high forest wealth (ours approximates 1,000 acres per 100 inhabitants). Excluding Norway, what European power is so lavishly

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

HOW LIGHTFOOT GOT RID OF THE HOUNDS.

POOR LIGHTFOOT! It seemed to him that there were no such things as justice and fair play. It was bad enough to have hunters searching the Green Forest for him, watching at the places where he was accustomed to drink, searching every hiding place. Had it been just one hunter at a time against whom he had to match his wits it would not have been so bad, but there



On the Bank the Hounds Stopped and Bayed Their Disappointment.

were many hunters with terrible guns looking for him, and in dodging one he was likely at any time to meet another. This in itself seemed terribly unfair and unjust. But now, added to this was the greater unfairness of being trailed by hounds.

Do you wonder that Lightfoot thought of men as utterly heartless? You see, he could not know that those hounds had not been put on his trail, but had left home to hunt for their own pleasure. He could not know that it was against the law to hunt deer with dogs. But though none of those hunters looking for him was guilty of having put the hounds on his trail, each one of

them was willing and eager to advantage of the fact that the hounds were on his trail. Although he had been shot at once, he knew that he would be shot at if he should be driven where the hunter was hidden.

The ground was damp, and always lies beat on damp ground. This made it easy for the hounds to follow him with their wet noses. Lightfoot tried every trick he could think of to make the hounds lose the scent.

"If only I could make them it long enough for me to get a rest, it would help," panted Lightfoot as he paused for just an instant to listen to the baying of the hounds.

But he couldn't. They all very tired. He was becoming very tired. He could no longer bound lightly over fallen logs, brush as he had done at first. His lungs ached as he panted for breath. He realized that even though he should escape the hunters, it would be to meet an even more terrible death unless he could get rid of those hounds. There would be time when he would have to face them. Then those hounds would catch up with him and tear him to pieces.

It was then that he remembered the Big River. He turned toward it. It was his only chance, and he took it. Straight through the Green Forest, out across the Green Meadows to the bank of the Big River, he ran. For just a second he paused to look behind. The hounds were almost at his heels. Lightfoot hesitated no longer, but plunged into the Big River and began to swim. On the bank the hounds bayed and bayed their disappointment. They did not dare follow Lightfoot into the Big River.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service

Mark Twain's Prayer for

Mark Twain's satirical prayer for war time is as follows: "O our God, help us to tear the dieters to bloody shreds with shells; help us to cover the long fields with the pale foot of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of the wounded, lying in pain; help us to lay their humble homes with a cane of fire; help us to wring hearts of their unoffending wives with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out rootless with children to wander untried through wastes of their dead land—for our sakes, who, Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, their lives, protract their bitter grime, making heavy their water their way with tears the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask who is the spirit of love and is the ever faithful friend of all that are sore and seek his aid with humble contrite hearts. Grant our O Lord, and thine shall praise and honor and glory and ever. Amen."

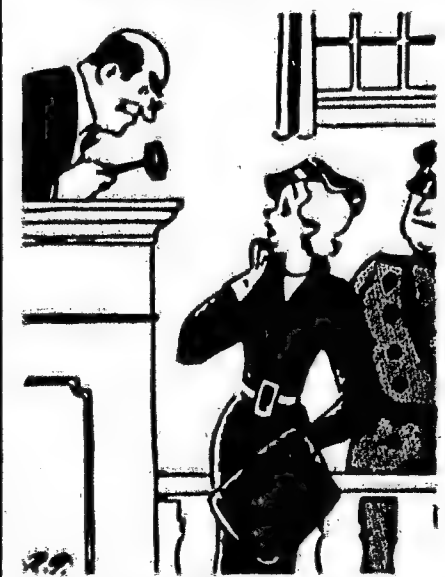
AT A BOY!



She—What is marriage?
He—Love personified.

ANNABELLE'S ANSWERS

By RAY THOMPSON



DEAR ANNABELLE: I LOVE MY GIRL VERY MUCH, BUT MATRIMONY IS SUCH A SERIOUS WORD I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND. LUKE
Dear Luke: MATRIMONY ISN'T A WORD—IT'S A SENTENCE! Annabelle

By VIRGINIA VALE

You must admit no man
the real joy of living until
died.
s, but it's too late to get
then.

Necessary Health
Health is so necessary to all the
pleasures as well as pleasures of life that
the crime of squandering it is equal
to the folly.

Listen to the Voice of Five
Crooks or Nelson Eddy—with
evenings over Nationwide
© 1935, F. T. & R. Co.

estone featuring Richard
Margaret Speaks, Monday
I. B. C.—WEAF Network

OPERATING COSTS

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks or Nelson Eddy—with Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C.—WEAF Network

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WNU Service

Our Pet Peeve—



Like Father, Like Son
Fearful Father—My boy, the next time you have an urge to kiss the new maid, I'd suggest that you use a more secluded spot.
Freshman Fred—Oh, the hall was dark enough, Dad. Besides, she thought it was you.

WAS THAT YOU?



He—Don't you remember me from Atlantic City?
She—I tipped so many people while I was there, I can't remember 'em all.

State of Confusion

"Does your wife play bridge?"
"I don't know. She tried to show me how it is played, and if bridge is the game she tried to teach me, nobody can play it."



**WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM**

THE FLAVOR LASTS

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© WNU Service.

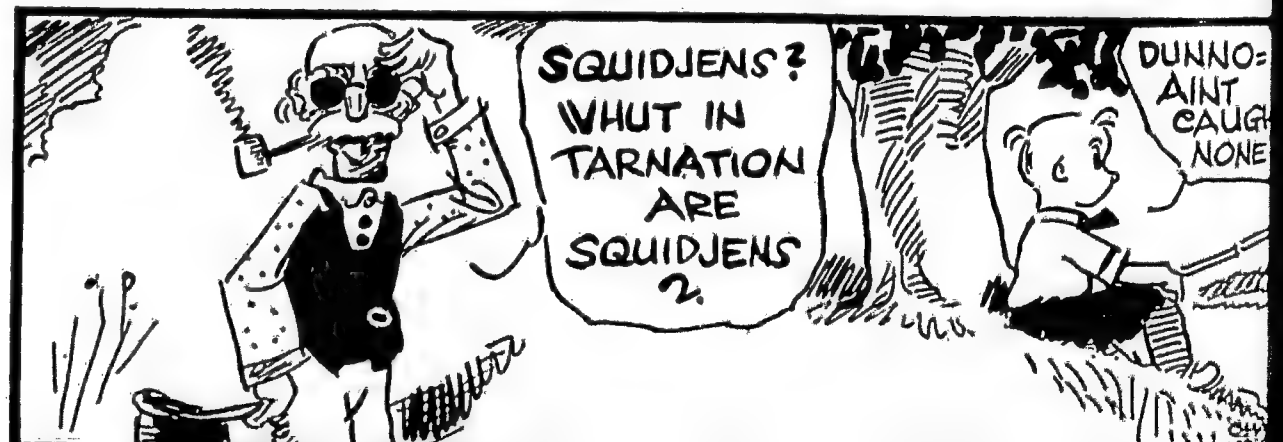
The Live



SUCH IS LIFE

By Charles Sughrue

MEBBE THEY AINT NONE



ON THE LINKS



"Anyone playing today, caddy?"
"Yes, ma'am; a gentleman with a caddy and a man carryin' fur hisself."

A Place to Start

Hubby—If you don't stop nagging me I'm going to tell you a few things.

Wifey—You might begin by telling me why you called me "Baby" in your sleep last night.—*Life* Magazine.

TROUBLE AHEAD

It was midnight. Roberts was huddled up in a chair in the smoking room of his club, a worried expression on his face. Soon a friend came in.
"Hello!" he said. "Not going home?"
"No," murmured Roberts in despairing tones. "I haven't. Things have gone wrong."
"I'm sorry to hear that," said his friend. "What's the trouble? Perhaps I can help."
Roberts moaned.
"No one can help," he replied.
"At seven o'clock I telephoned my wife and gave her a marvelous excuse for not coming home.—And—now I've forgotten what I said."
—*Answers Magazine*.

Disturbing the Home

"Do you think a woman's place is in the home?"
"No," answered Mr. Meekton. "I don't like to be interrupted with bridge parties when I am trying to get the children to sleep."

ALL THE SAME



"Tom proposed to me last night."
"That's nothing! He proposed to me last summer in broad daylight."

The Congo River has about 3,000 miles of more than 1,400,000

Behold Questions

parsley potatoes, spring of finely-chopped freshly-boiled potatoes. are put into a cake of you attempt to put them good you will find they each ensler.

cup of soap flakes dis- a little hot water, to up of kerosene has been an excellent cleanser for

are as good as linseed for Roll the potatoes in a mash in bag and ap- can be borne.

is covered with art silk quilts. Stitch through corners and along the

ing steaks or chops door open. This pre- and smoking.

spoon placed in the which silver is washed shining silver. Polish chamols or a flannel

Velvet Cape



cape of parma vi- trimmed with bands ties, is worn over a use satin gown. Cut as in the back, the is made with a pep- costume is from

COLD Now
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What will they be this year? What are you doing to prevent them? Use **PARK & POLLARD**.

AMAR FEEDS

You will effectively losses. Ask your **PARK & POLLARD CO.**, 127 Boston, Mass.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Us Present-Day Sissies.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

—Our ancestors, the men and women who whittled this country out of ramping wilderness—they were different, although perhaps difficult to get along with. They'd fight you over almost any issue—their personal rights, their public wrongs, their national principles, their private prejudices, their outer boundaries, their internal policies. They fought one another; they fought foreign powers. But, excusing politicians and professional whiners, they didn't do such an awful lot of fretting over the painfully primitive conditions of a pioneering life. We, their children, with too many laws we won't enforce, too many criminals we won't punish, too many unjust taxes we won't rebel against—we complain about everything. It's as though a race of eagles bred a breed of worms that turn only to turn the other cheek. I guess we're getting peevishly flabby.



Irvin S. Cobb

I woke up this morning feeling as flabby as a cold flapjack, and I don't know when I've been peevish-er. So I sat down and wrote this.

N.B. — And never mind telling me that a worm hasn't any cheek. I know that as well as you do.

Van Sweringen's Passing.

GRANTED, that in these shifting times there is a somewhat prevalent tendency to regard it this way and be governed accordingly: For a man to have been a success is a crime, but to have been a failure is a profession.

Even so, there's still a thrill, reading of the career of M. J. Van Sweringen. Horatio Alger might have written him. He starts life as a newsboy in Cleveland. Today, at fifty-four, he lies dead there.

How many millions he left, nobody knows. Probably he didn't much care. It must have been the sport and not the size of the game-bag that made him a dominant figure in railroading and finance.

The Source of an Idea.

I RAN across it the other day—this ancient one.

Shipwrecked mariners in crisis. Sea rising, life raft sinking beneath them, no rescue craft in sight. Situation seems to call for professions of faith. But no body can quote from the Scripture, nobody can sing a hymn, nobody even knows a prayer. Desperately, the mate speaks up: "Men, we gotta do somethin' pious — let's pass the hat."

I read that antique wheeze and in a flash the puzzle was solved. Now I know where they got the original idea—those economic wizards in and out of congress, who, in times like these, bob up with various theories, but all aimed at the same purpose; namely, that financial security can be restored and by giving industry a chance to recuperate, but by taking away the previous fruits of industry.

Hollywood's Newest Grievance.

HOLLYWOOD sentiment is that those alleged polygamists recently on trial over at Kingman, in Arizona, should be penalized for breaking the rules. You see, the curious colony up there in the desert favors having a lot of wives all at once, whereas the Hollywood championship team prefers various

wives, one at a time, which prevents confusion and works out to the same gratifying high scores in the end.

But no matter how the law may serve those Arizona husbands, I would put in a plea for the female co-defendants charged with marrying 'em so copiously. For I've just seen some newspaper pictures of the male prisoners. Gentlemen of the jury, if they be true likelinesses, those poor near-sighted women have suffered enough. Talk about being more shamed against than sinning.

That Banker's Identity.

IF THE President won't name him, I shan't. But I'll bet anything—anything I have left, I mean—that the distinguished banker who told him this country could safely go in debt for quite a lot more billions is the same financial wizard who counseled me about my dainty little investments in the billie, braw days before 1929. It certainly sounds like the same fellow.

On second thought, maybe not. Because the last I heard of my banker, he was sitting by the steam-pipes at a county poor-farm back East, telling the other inmates about an infallible system for beating those stock market boys. You see, he was sucker enough to follow his own advice. Can you imagine?

IRVIN S. COBB.

North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.—WNU Service.

Kiln Drying of Lumber

Less Expensive, Quicker

The unwieldy process of air seasoning of woods has been almost entirely replaced in this country by kiln drying.

In the air seasoning process the moisture content of the wood is reduced by exposure to atmospheric conditions. This means that the wood must remain in the lumber yard for many seasons before it is conditioned for manufacture into furniture which will withstand the strain of household use and not warp and shrink with changes in temperature. This is the oldest method of seasoning wood. It is long and costly.

Just as artificial methods are found more satisfactory in many processes, so kiln drying of woods is more certain, less expensive and quicker. Artificial heat may be applied to the lumber and the moisture reduced to the exact quantity most desirable for furniture.

The dry kiln is the product of about 30 years' research and experience.

The Scone Stone

In Westminster Abbey there is a beautifully carved chair in which our kings sit when they are crowned. Under the seat of the chair is a big piece of stone. This is the stone on which the kings of Scotland used to be crowned. It was brought to London from Scone, near Perth, back in 1296, when Edward I took an army into Scotland. Many legends are attached to it. One says that it was the stone on which Jacob rested his head when he had the vision of the Angels journeying between heaven and earth.—Pearson's Weekly.

Interesting Churches in London

Throughout the city of London there are many interesting churches, situated in peculiar positions—some sandwiched between large modern business premises and others hidden away in side passages—but most of them date from the Seventeenth century, having been erected since the great fire of London in 1666, which destroyed the old buildings. St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, near Newgate street, survived the great fire, and is over eight hundred years old.

Tarpon Related to Herring

The tarpon, a fish allied to the herring, reaches a length of 7 feet.

India, Empire Itself,
Unlike Other Sections

India has a peculiar and particular status in the British empire, unlike that of any other division. It is an empire in itself, embracing kingdoms and states with various forms of government, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is an Indian legislature, but with no such extensive powers as those of the self-governing dominions; and the British government maintains a tighter control over the policies of the Indian administration than over those of most of the crown colonies.

Legally, "British India" means all territories governed by the king-emperor through the governor general of India, or through any governor or other officers subordinate to the governor general of India; while "India" means British India together with the territories of the princes and chiefs who are simply under the suzerainty of the king-emperor. The subdivisions of "British India" are called provinces; the other territories are chiefly states.

Habits of Natives of Papua

For brightness and color, Port Moresby in Papua tops all other world ports of call, its natives being wholly free from the sophistication which has affected most of the South seas. Each of the numerous tribes has its own series of dances and extraordinary head-dresses. In the Motu tribe, for example, the men's head-dresses are of bird-of-paradise plumes, and cassowary, parrot, cockatoo and kingfisher feathers. To these are added the fur of the spotted cuscus and strings of dog teeth. The women wear a rami (grass skirt) of shredded fiber of the sago palm and pandanus leaf, and their bodies are frequently tattooed from head to foot, even eyelids, lips and fingertips being included in the decorative scheme. The tattoo artist uses a twig of thorns, the barbs of which act as needles. The ink is soot collected from tree smoke.

Are You a "Taylor"?

Have you ever wondered where all the different surnames came from? Years ago, people were known only by a Christian name. Then, to distinguish between people having the same Christian name, the Normans started the use of a surname—which means a name over and above the Christian name. Some people took their name from their occupation—hence such names as Taylor and Carpenter; others named themselves from where they lived—giving names like Ford and Woods. Still other people took their name from their father—the son of John became Johnson, the son of William Williamson, and so on.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Dutch Treat

Nations have a neat way in turning the tables on each other. For example we say when some one leaves without so much as saying goodnight that he takes French leave, and it is no small surprise to find that the French say that he takes English leave. The Spaniards have an expression for "Dutch Treat" that is far superior to our own. Whenever two or more Spaniards are gathered together and each is on a budget, instead of saying, "we will go Dutch at lunch," they preface the feast with the remark that "every one will kill his own bull."

Zeal Is Not Enough

Zeal without knowledge is like fire without a grate to contain it; like a sword without a hilt to wield it by; like a high-bred horse without a bridle to guide him. It speaks without thinking, acts without planning, seeks to accomplish a good end without the adoption of becoming means.

WHIMS OF FASHION

Just as the renaissance influences the colors, so does it the fabrics.

The military note creeps into fashions whether or not we believe in wars.

A growing number of women like casual tweed coats for everyday wear, and with this type of coat one may wear scarfs for several sorts.

Schlaparelli offers a new sensation—a dance dress with pantallettes, belt with padlock.

Ermine-trimmed woolen or velvet suits are reported selling well in many sections of the country.

Pleats are important part of the fashion picture and occur in daytime, dinner and evening fashions.

Watch the hood as the newest silhouette influence. Presented first in furs, it is now used in fabrics for sport.

Fur hats are keyed to many costume fashions. They may be trimmed with flowers, bird wings or ribbon bows.

No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis—such as magnesias.

Why Physicians Recommend
Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today

Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.



The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair-Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Grey and Faded Hair.
35c and 60c at Drugstores, 110 West 4th St., New York, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 60 cents by mail or at drugstores. Hicox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

WNU-2 62-35

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

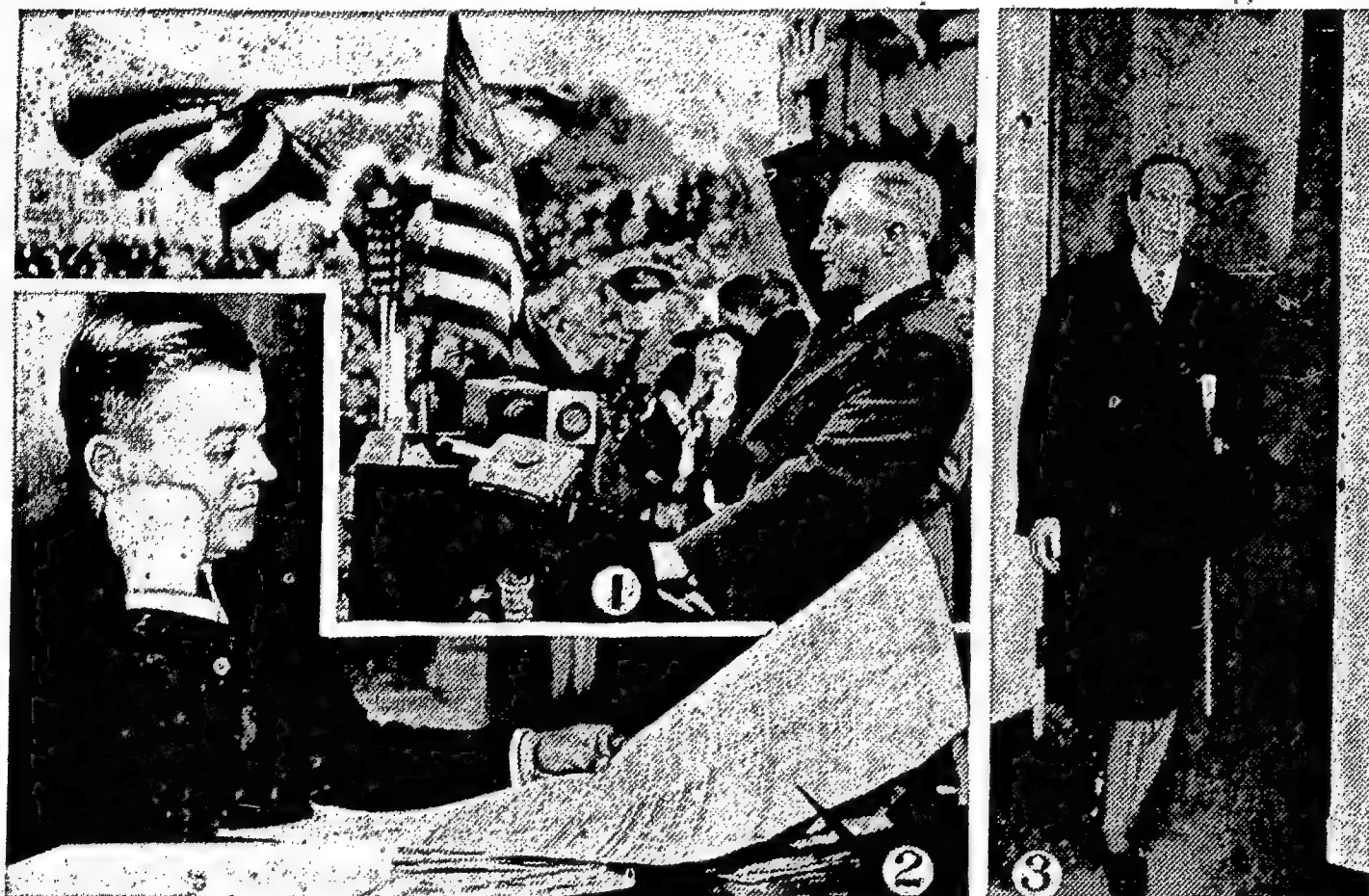
Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

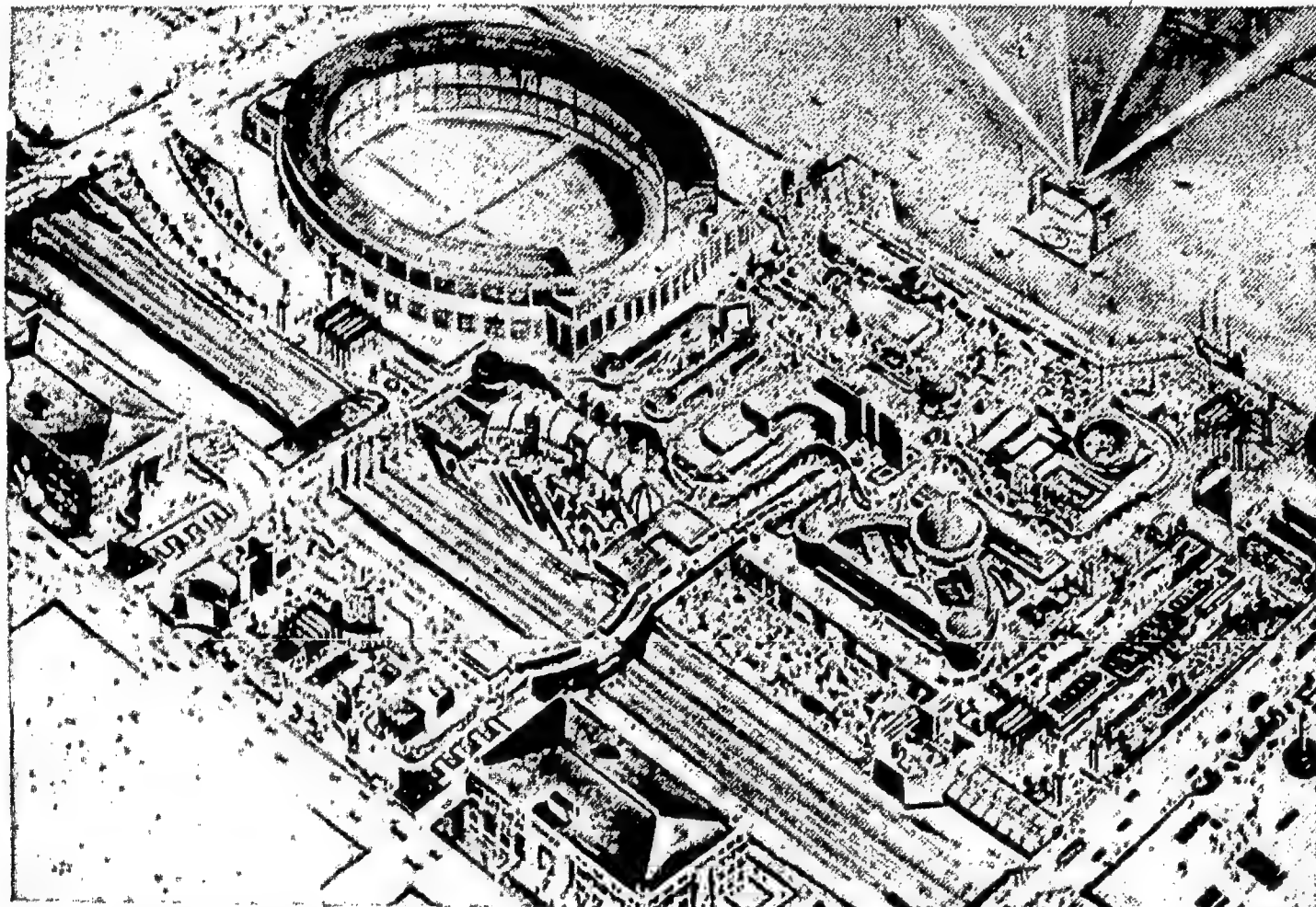
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Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—President Roosevelt addressing 100,000 Georgians at the stadium of Georgia Institute of Technology in Atlanta. 2—Director of the Budget Daniel Bell studying budget estimates in his office in Washington. 3—Chaffer Khan Djalal, minister from Persia, leaving the State department after lodging formal protest against his arrest by Maryland policemen for speeding.

Cleveland Will Have a Steel Exposition



A mammoth exposition, depicting the romance of iron, steel and machinery and covering approximately 50 acres of Cleveland's downtown lake front, will be staged next summer in celebration of the city's centennial. Known as the Great Lakes Exposition, it will last through July, August and September of 1936. Above is a sketch of the grounds and buildings.

HEADS BRITISH ARMY



Gen. Sir Cyril J. Deverell, O. C. B. K. B. E., a colonel of the West Yorkshire regiment, has been appointed head of the British Imperial general staff. He succeeds Field-Marshal Sir Archibald A. Montgomery-Massingberd.

Matanuska Prepares for Winter



The hardy residents of the state of Minnesota who pulled up stakes and settled on government-owned land in the Matanuska valley, are now settling down for the long, hard Alaskan winter. This picture of the Palmer camp shows the temporary lumber sheds and warehouse. The colonists' tents are in the background. Many homes are springing up.

Emperor Haile Selassie Can Smile



Haile Selassie, emperor of Ethiopia, usually is pictured as a stern, unsmiling man. This snapshot, made as he was acknowledging the cheers of thousands outside his palace on the anniversary of his ascension to the throne, shows that he can smile.

Making Sugar From Dahlia Bulbs



Prolific flower gardens of the South may soon provide a new line with the extraction of sugar, twice as sweet as cane or beet sugar, dahlia bulbs. It is being produced experimentally by Dr. Lelloy S. Weatherby, chemistry professor in the University of Southern California. He believes it may serve as another aid in the war against diabetes. New sugar is more easily oxidizable. The production is similar to that of beet sugar production, the dahlia bulbs being sliced, crushed, pressed into starch, then into syrup, from which the fine sugar is extracted. The photograph shows Miss Florence Shelly, assistant, and Weatherby inspecting syrup in a retort.

HAS A PEACE PLAN



Mrs. Grace L. Oswalt of West Lafayette, Ind., photographed in her hotel suite in New York after she had told of her plan for world peace.

and for a "United States of the World." Mrs. Oswalt proposes to permit foreign nations to join the International bank at Switzerland, the war debts of the United States. The bank is to be the nucleus for the League of Nations, the court, the International Red Cross and all other peace agencies, working as part of the machinery of a United States of the World. The organization would guarantee economic aid to all nations, thereby eliminating the need of armaments. The president of the United States of the World would be elected by vote.

Pearl Production

Among a little group of islands in the Persian gulf that fine pearls, one island, alone is productive of many \$10,000,000 worth being sold. This island produces purest quality stone

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Can Smile



UNIVERSAL NEWS REEL

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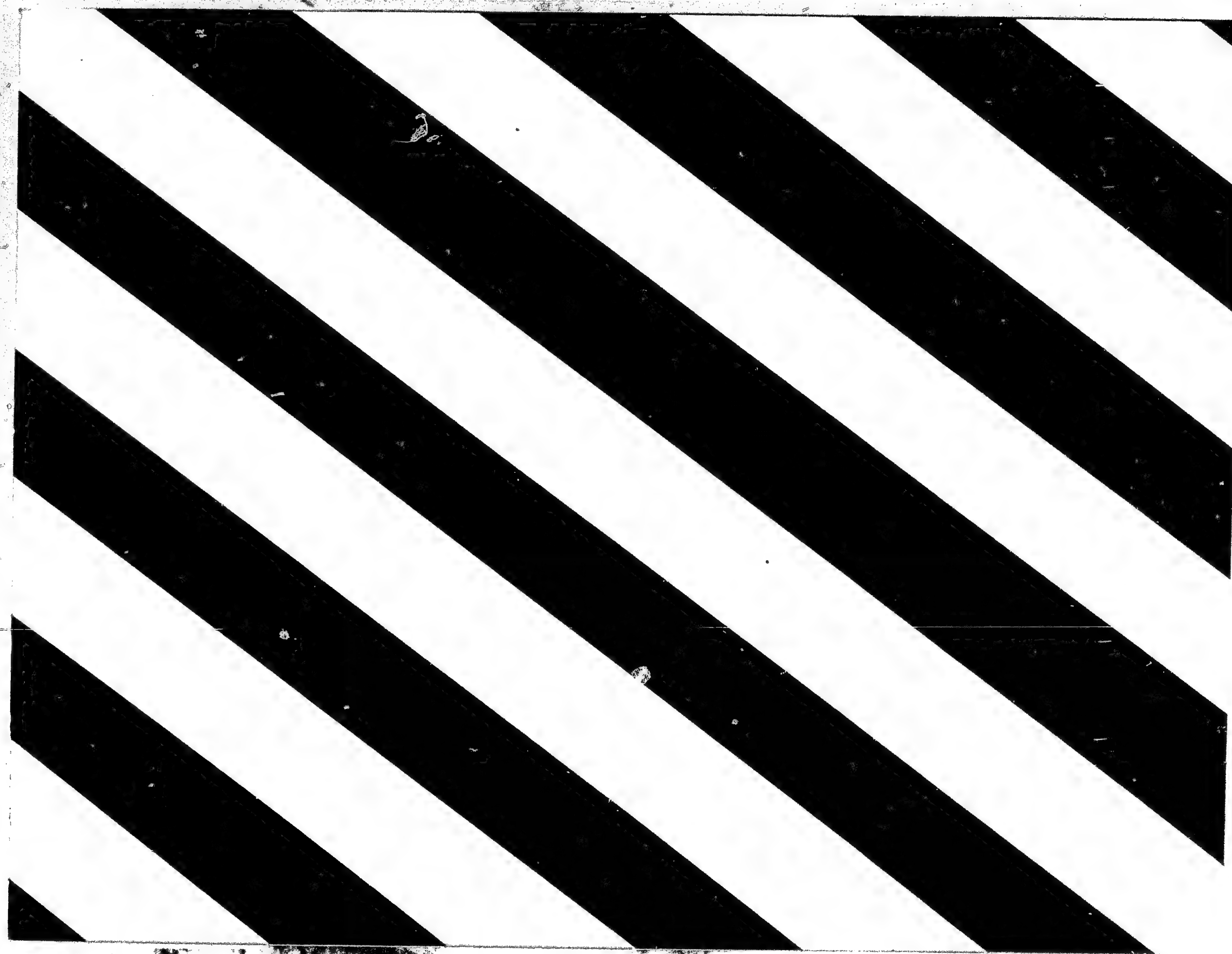


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"The Oxford County Citizen" PUBLICATION TITLE Bethel, Maine CITY STATE		MONTH	NO PAGES	NO FRAMES	SECTIONS MISSING	PAGE(S) MISSING	REMARKS
PUBLICATIONS FURNISHED BY Bethel Historical Society							
40 & 41 1935 VOLUME NO. YEAR Jan. 3 THRU Dec. 26 INCLUSIVE DATES		JAN.	40	20			
		FEB	32	16			
		MAR	32	16			
		APR	32	16			Volume 41 Starts Apr. 11, 1935
		MAY	40	20			
		JUN	32	16			
11 x 17 1/2 SINGLE PAGE SIZE <input type="checkbox"/> SINGLE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> DOUBLE PAGES PER FRAME REDUCTION 17 X		JUL	64	32			Magazine section added to paper on July 4, 1935
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION		AUG	84	42			Special feature added to Aug. 8, 1935 - 4p 14 1/2 x 21 1/4
		SEP	64	32			
		OCT	80	40			
		NOV	66	33			
		DEC	64	32			
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PUBLICATIONS FURNISHED BY <u>Bethel Historical Society</u>							
<u>39 & 40</u> <u>1934</u> VOLUME NO. YEAR <u>Jan. 4</u> <u>THRU Dec. 27</u> INCLUSIVE DATES		JAN.	32	16			
		FEB	32	16			
		MAR	40	20			
		APR	32	16			Volume 40 starts April 12, 1934
		MAY	40	20			
		JUN	34	17			June 14, 1934 - 10p.
11x17 1/2 SINGLE PAGE SIZE <input type="checkbox"/> SINGLE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> DOUBLE PAGES PER FRAME REDUCTION <u>17x</u>		JUL	32	16			
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION		AUG	40	20			
		SEP	32	16			
		OCT	32	16			
		NOV	40	20			
		DEC	34	17			Dec 20, 1934 - 10p.
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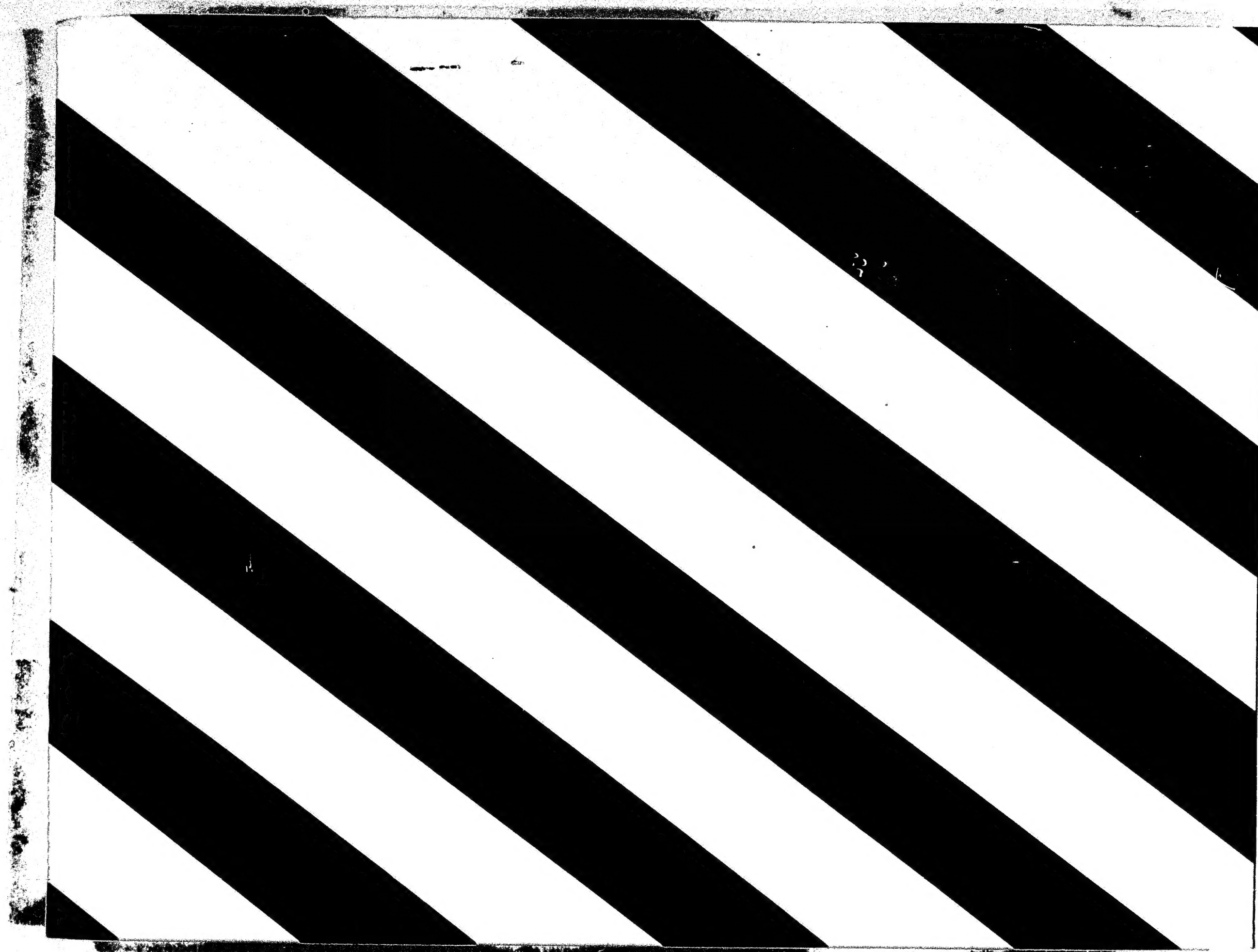
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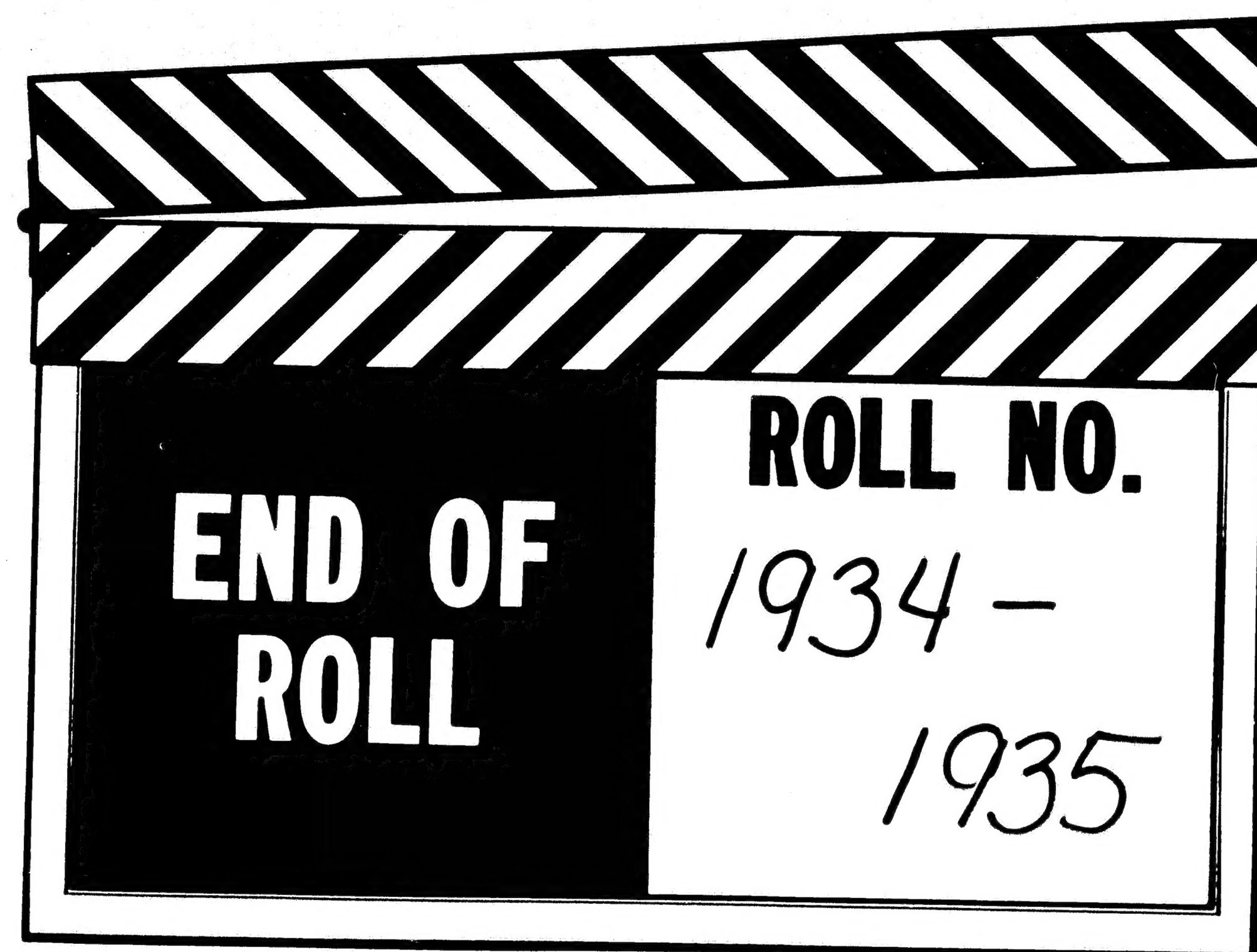
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